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[ORIGINAL.]

You and Me and To-Day.

1. With antecedents,
With my fathers and mothers, and the accumulations of past ages,
With all which, had it not been, I would not now be here, as I am,
With Egypt, India, Phenicia, Greece, and Rome,
With the Celt, the Scandinavian, the Alb, and the Saxon,
With antique maritime ventures,—With laws, artisanship, wars, journeys,
With the poet, the skald, the saga, the myth, and the oracle,
With the sale of slaves,—with enthusiasts,—with the troubadour, the crusader, and the monk,
With those old continents whence we have come to this new continent,
With the fading kingdoms and kings over there,
With the fading religions and priests,
With the small shores we look back to, from our own large and present shores,
With countless years drawing themselves onward, and arrived at these years,
You and Me arrived,—America arrived, and making this year,
This year! sending itself ahead countless years to come.

2. O but it is not the years,—it is I,—it is You,
We touch all laws, and tally all antecedents,
We are the skald, the oracle, the monk, and the knight,—we easily include them, and more,
We stand amid time, beginningless and endless—we stand amid evil and good,
All swings around us—There is as much darkness as light,
The very sun swings itself and its system of planets around us,
Its sun, and its again, all swing around us.

3. As for me,
I have the idea of all, and am all, and believe in all,
I believe materialism is true, and spiritualism is true—I reject no part.

4. Have I forgotten any part?
Come to me, whoever and whatever, till I give you recognition.

5. I respect Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the Hebrews,
I adopt each theory, myth, god, and demi-god,
I see that the old accounts, bibles, genealogies, are true, without exception,
I assert that all past days were what they should have been,
And that they could no-how have been better than they were,
And that to-day is what it should be—and that America is,
And that to-day and America could no-how be better than they are.

6. In the name of These States, and in your and my name—the Past!
And in the name of These States, and in your and my name—the Present!

7. I know that the past was great, and the future will be great,
And I know that both curiously conjoint in the present time, in myself and yourself,
And that where I am, or you are, this present day, there is the centre of all days, all races,
And there is the meaning, to us, of all that has ever come of races and days, or ever will come.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE SLAVE OF THE HOUSE.

BY ADA CLARE.

Many persons suppose the Inquisition to have ceased to exist. They are an ill-advised body. That organised system of torment, in its concentrated and virulent type, has ceased to exist; but the spirit of the thing, in a mild but universal form, thrives ever in the shape of the first-class brown-stone and basement House, high stoop, with all the modern improvements.

I know a young man, now a resident of Bedlam, who was driven into that kingdom by the cruel treatment of a House. He had been for some years in Paris, where he had learned all manner of pleasant, cheerful, and natural habits. On returning to this city, he took up his abode in the residence of his sister-in-law, under the ensnaring promise that he should find there every comfort of home, in the bosom of his family.

Alas, me! How soon he found that the House was a merciless Juggernaut, before which he was obliged to throw himself down each day, and be crushed by its thousand-wheeled system of inexorable rules.

Fillipo, that was the victim's name, worshipped the Sun as a great sanitary monarch, and so, in the matter of getting up, followed that monarch—at a very respectful distance. But the impious House defied the solar sovereign, and gave forth its relentless fiat—breakfast at seven in Winter. So while the earth was still wrapped in its ghastly blue mantle of daylight, while a thousand reeking dews and exhalations breathed out poison to the air, Fillipo crawled shivering from his bed, and thence down to a breakfast for which he had no appetite at that demoniac hour.

After this cheerful meal, Fillipo fain would have smoked a cigar, for, as his business did not claim him until twelve, there was at least four hours to be disposed of. Here, again, the House set its elephant's foot on his neck. Smoking anywhere in the body of the House, could only be equalled in its effects by a juvenile earthquake. The House, with its delicate nerves, would, in a fit of sneezing, have burst its cerements, and then ——. It was not necessary to urge this upon him, for he meekly felt that tobacco out of his own room was impossible.

His room did not seem exactly built with a convivial view. It was on the fourth story, a North room, without a fireplace, and the thermometer standing two degrees below zero. However, by means of putting on two overcoats and a shawl, by borrowing the blankets and counterpane from the bed to envelop his legs, and with his aunt's flannel petticoat and her muff on his head, he was enabled to have a pretty comfortable time, considering——considering Sir John Franklin.

Little by little the dreadful tyranny of the House was unfolded to his mind. Dinner was just at the most uncomfortable hour. At eleven o'clock at night the doors of this prison were barred and bolted. Fillipo was passionately fond of the theatre, but he must either sneak away ere the crisis of the play was worked out, or risk the ringing of the bell of his domicile, in which latter case he was kept out in the snow, an hour or so, for private meditation, and then obliged to face an enraged and dangerous housemaid.

Poor Fillipo! Sunday was the toppling point of his anguish. He was of an extremely domestic turn, and loved to spend that day at home in an atmosphere of pipes and newspapers. But first of all, the piety, the morality, the social standing of the House, demanded that the neighbors, who were supposed to be keenly watching its deportment, should see him go to church at least once each Sunday. And he went.

Newspapers were not allowed in the parlors; they were said to make a litter. Fillipo, who loved children, and was particularly attached to the baby, begged that he might occasionally bring her into the parlor, but, of course, his request was denied. There was no telling what mischief her little fingers might do. Fillipo felt that the baby was the only human being in the establishment. All the rest of them marched their life-through in a funeral procession, before the muffled drum of the House.

One Sunday, while sitting in the best parlor, it occurred to Fillipo that while that room was extremely desolate, a warm sea of rich sunlight was rippling its glory against the closed and curtained windows. Acting on this suggestion he threw open the windows, and in tumbled a whole torrent of sun-splendor, to inundate with its bright waves, the grim majesty of the room. Hardly was this accomplished, when the entrance and remonstrance of his sister taught him that even the sunshine of heaven must not visit the House's cheek too roughly. Besides, the sun might fade its curtains. He gave a patient look around the room, and finding that all the furniture in it was equally under the iron rule, he bowed his head like a lamb and submitted. He saw that the House's chairs and sofas, though of a rich material, could not be seen,—they were covered up with a cold and hideous linen cloth. That its mirrors, gas-fixtures, etc., though of the extremest elegance, could not be seen either, for the impenetrable, saffron-hued tarleton that enveloped them.

He sat down in a straight-backed chair—he had been warned against using the cushioned ones—and leaned his head back in dejection. Then and there his sister took occasion to tell him that his manner of sitting in her chairs was extremely painful to her. Leaning on the backs of the chairs rubbed off their gilding, dropping his hands tarnished their sides, and his habit of resting his heels firmly on the carpet gave a depression to the velvety nap of the same.

He meekly obeyed her as she spoke, sitting with his toes slightly touching the ground, his hands in a distorted clasp on his knees, and his spine bullied into self-support, rigidly and awfully upright.

From that moment Reason began to totter on its throne. He wandered about the House a mild and harmless idiot, the sport of the housemaid, the compassion of the children, the contempt of the heads of the family. His habits, his heart, his spirits, were all broken.

O, gentle youth! thou wert not strong enough to bear the torture of custom. Regularity and punctilliousness have murdered thy peace. No more shalt thou whistle at the office, weep with enthusiasm at the opera, nor shall thy name ever more be set over sweet verses in the *Weekly Honeysuckle!*

O, gentlest of hearts, sweetest of tenor voices, most gallant of beaux! where art thou now?—treading the halls of Bloomingdale. Waiting for the time when thou shalt find rest in that Mansion, whose floors are paved with gold, that the world's idol and king may be trodden under foot, where the soul triumphs over fashion, where the perfectness of life blots out the rasping demands of rule and convention, and the only roof and walls are the pure, grand blue heaven of the gods.—*Vanity Fair.*

[ORIGINAL.]

MY TAILOR AND I IN THE LATE PANIC.

Sartor, quoth I, the suit is well enough,—
I find no fault with stitching, style, or stuff;
But as for this marsupial display,
What crotchet could have led you so astray?
Are you such Rip Van Winkle of a goose
As still to dream that pockets are in use,
When Astor scarcely can with truth be said
To have the handling of "a single red"?
Pockets in times like these! Sir, 'tis no less
Than wasteful and ridiculous excess;
As who should build a many-chambered bin,
In a great dearth, to garner nothings in?
Out with your shears! Come, man alive! don't shrink,
But off with these lean sarcasms in a twink,
Whose presence, like the spendthrift's empty purse,
But serves to make the "aching void" still worse.
Well done! And now, with no more fret or fuss,
That patient little bill I'll honor—thus:
"Cashier of Hades' Bank, at blind man's sight,
Pay bearer's ghost, and debit mine.

ALL RIGHT.

Oct. 19, 1859.

[ORIGINAL.]

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

III.

What a beautiful day! As I threw open my blinds, the Winter's sun poured in its rays almost as warm as the Summer's sunbeam. The snow had melted from the earth, and dead leaves (vegetation's tribute to chill Winter's blast) seemed dressed in diamonds, so brightly did the raindrops resting upon them sparkle in the sunlight. Did I not miss the cheerful notes of the little birds, or the sweet perfume of blooming flowers, I could fancy it a bright Spring morning. Sitting by my open casement, though basking in the sun's warm rays, I soon felt so cold that I was forced to close the window. Gazing on this scene of beauty, thus protected from the chilly air, I could scarcely realize that the cold drear face of Winter could wreathe itself in such sunny smiles. Soon the wind began to blow, and black clouds hid heaven's blue canopy; ere long it began to rain; and as the drops fell upon my cottage roof, they told me in their pattering language that, "As the morning had been beautiful, so did the tempter always clothe himself in enticing colors, and by his pleasant smiles and winning ways seek to lead the good astray, as you were led to think the air warm and balmy by the Spring-like warmth of a Winter's sun. The dead leaves are those who follow evil paths, and the diamond raindrops resting on them are angel's tears who weep for those who no more follow their heart's promptings, as the earth no longer retains its garb of innocence, the pure white snow. In all your actions, if you hear not conscience (the notes of the little birds) prompting you to'ast, or feel not the calm satisfaction (perfume of blooming flowers) arising from a pure heart, you may be sure you are not doing right—it is not a Spring morning. As the bright rays of a Winter's sun failed to keep you warm, so will a path of error, brightened with pleasure and excitement, fail to make you happy. Guilt and remorse will keep from your heart all feelings of contentment, as the black clouds to-day cover the blue curtain of the sky. Troubles and sorrows will constantly descend upon your head like the continual droppings of the rain. Your life will be rendered wretched by a feeling toward all men of suspiciousness and doubt, which drive away all thoughts of trusting confidence, just as the mist and fog of to-day render the earth impenetrable to a sunny ray." R. W. P.

[ORIGINAL.]

FEUERBILDER.—GERMANESQUE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

The children sit by the fireside
With their little faces in bloom;
And behind, the lily-pale mother,
Looking out of the gloom,

Flushes as if a rosebud
Were bursting in her heart;
But the father sits there silent,
From the firelight apart.

"Now, what dost thou see in the embers?
Tell it to me, my child,"
Whispers the lily-pale mother
To her daughter sweet and mild.

"O, I see a sky and a moon
In the coals and ashes there,
And under, two are walking
In a garden of flowers so fair.

"A lady so gay, and her lover,
Talking with low-voiced words,
Not to waken the dreaming flowers,
And the sleepy little birds."

Back in the gloom the mother
Shrinks with a sudden sigh.
"Now, what dost thou see in the embers?"
Cries the father to the boy.

"O, I see a wedding-procession
Go in at the church's door,—
Ladies in silks, and knights in steel,—
A hundred of them, and more.

"The bride's face is white as a lily,
And the groom's head is white as snow;
And without, with plumes and tapers,
A funeral paces slow."

Loudly then laughed the father,
And shouted again for cheer,
And called to the drowsy housemaid
To fetch him a pipe and beer.

[ORIGINAL.]

The Bottle Imps.

A DOMESTIC "MANIFESTATION."

BY SAERASMID.

Perhaps it is not absolutely essential to my story, yet I am not ashamed to state—I desire, on the contrary, to state—that I am an Old Bachelor and that my name is Pe—— No! on reflection I shall not mention my name! Enough, that I am an Old Bachelor. A great deal of sympathy has, of late years, been expressed for the long-slandered class of Old Maids.

In which I beg to join, sincerely.

I honor and esteem Old Maids—that is, *some* Old Maids!

But I have, at least, an equal respect for Old Bachelors!

Which, after my statement above, will not appear extraordinary.

The Old Bachelor has not found much sympathy, or many eulogists among the fair sex, although he it is who has taken up the cudgels oftenest, and handled them stoutest, in defence of the ladies.

But let that pass!

The Old Bachelor is useful in his sphere—eminently useful—and ornamental also.

What would the Dramatists have done without him? The Old Bachelor, with many "*hes*"—*lack* of health not the least of them,—overflowing with incre and bile, who arrives in the nick of time to rescue nephews from suicide; and nieces from "the arts of a designing villain," is the most interesting character of the old playwrights. And, under various thin disguises, of the modern ones.

Nor is he less important, though rarer, in real life.

Who but the Old Bachelor founds posthumous "Retreats," "Asylums," "Refuges," and kindred "Noble Institutions?"

To whom else do insolvent fathers, dying, bequeath their orphans, and the "winding up" of their already gordian-knotted estates?

To whom else do fond mothers appeal to send their talented Augustuses, or darling delicate Frederics to Europe, for study or health? (Self-deluded matrons!)

To whom else do these unsophisticated, spotless lambs, Augustus and Frederic, apply, to get them out of a scrape by a quiet advance of the "needful," which their doting parent is to know naught of? To whom else——but at this rate I shall never reach my story. Which is not, in reality, a story, after all, but simply a short sketch, unworthy all this preamble.

Being an Old Bachelor, I am somewhat particular about "*things*" in my apartments, which consist of two rooms on the third floor of my married sister's mansion—a bedchamber and sittingroom,—and am precise in my directions and cautions, whenever my sister changes her chambermaid, which, in this progressive land of liberty, is not oftener than twelve times a-year—generally.

A month ago, the last change of this kind occurred.

"What is your name, young woman?" I asked of the recent importation, upon her first appearance in my chamber.

"Martha, sir," answered she, trying to blush, and only prevented by the previous hue of her countenance, which looked as though it had been soaked for years in a concentrated infusion of brickdust and dirty water.

"Well, Martha," said I, "I want you to remember never to disturb—or as you call it, I suppose, "arrange"—anything in these rooms, except the bed and the china. If you should find my boots on the mantel, or my dress-coat on the rug, or the spittoon on the sideboard, or no-matter-what no-matter-where, leave them there! Do you hear?"

"Yis sir," grinned she; "but sure, sir, whin I swape an' fix the ——"

"Bother your fixing! I hate fixing! I want have any fixing! When you sweep, cover the things, and then uncover them: Mind!"

Martha minded; and did well—for a week.

Then, my sister and her family went to New York for a fortnight, and I was left alone in the house.

Wherein I contrived to pass as little time as possible, and so, "high life below stairs" had it pretty much to themselves.

On the third evening, however, after my sister's departure, I sat reading in my sittingroom. Opposite me—with the table between—was a closet sideboard, in which I kept a little assortment of "good spirits."

I had locked it that morning, as usual, after taking a small glass myself, and had the key in my pocket, not having quitted the house. I was reading the January *Knickerbocker*, and continued reading it till the clock struck twelve. At the same instant I distinctly heard a sigh issue from the sideboard, and the folding-doors swing slowly open. At first, I was shocked, I confess; but quickly collecting myself, I had probably neglected to push up the little bolt on the left-hand door, without which the lock would not forbid the opening of both, and attributing the sigh to the rubbing of the wood, I stepped to the sideboard, and slid the bolt, locked the doors; not, however, without profiting by the circumstance to imbibe a moderate portion of "Old Rye" and water.

Then I returned to my seat, and book. In five minutes more, the same sigh was repeated, and again the doors opened slowly.

This gave me a really disagreeable feeling of—I don't know exactly what. My brother-in-law, I knew, "inclined to listen" to the mysteries of the Spiritists, and I had, once or twice, joined a circle myself, at his solicitation, and had "seen sights, and heard sounds" purporting to come from Ghostland. Nevertheless, I closed the doors again, after a few moments' uncomfortable hesitancy, and, having previously taken a second strengthener by way of nightcap, retired to bed, where I shortly fell asleep without witnessing a recurrence of the phenomenon.

In the morning, when I awoke, however, the Spiritual doors were wide open again, and worse than all, my decanter of "Rye," ditto one of Pale Sherry, ditto one of "Catawba," were empty. The Spirits had, apparently, followed the Shakesperian Witches' injunction, and "mingled" extensively.

"Are you ill, sir?" asked Martha, bringing me my shaving-water.

"No thank you; I—that is—I did not sleep very well."

"It's them sperrits, I'll bet!" cried Martha.

"What spirits?" I asked, looking at her, and perceiving a wildness in her eye, and an unusually brick-dusty tinge, if that were possible, on her visage.

"Them mejium sperrits, sir. They've been a rampaging all over the house, and tuck all the boned turkey, and the pattyfoygass, and opened all the pantry doors, and broke five o' the best chaney plates, and scared me and Sarah, and James, out of our blessed wits, sir ——"

"And eat the turkey and the paté, I suppose, as they drank my liquor, eh! Martha?"

"Did they sir? Well! I never! In all my long days! And indade sir, if you please, (Martha's brogue being unspellable, I give up attempting its portrayal,) me and Sarah is afeard to stay in the house, and who knows but the sperrits did it to make the Mistress suspect us, sir, and take away poor girls' character, and James says, sir, they stole a dozen silver forks where he lived once, and he had to go away to save his character, and which, maybe I believe they did sir, and to drink your liquors too, sir!"

"Never fear, Martha! my sister will not be unjust to any of you. I will satisfy her of your innocence. Go and order my breakfast."

Martha thanked me with much gentlemanly fervor, and departed.

Speaking metaphorically, I smelt a rat!

But how to bring him to light—how to witness his actual presence, and prove him to be a fact—that was the question!

At breakfast I noticed a wildness in the eye of James, similar to that observed previously in Martha's. Going into the kitchen for the purpose, I remarked the same phenomenon in the *eye* of Sarah, the cook. I refilled the decanters, locked the sideboard once more, and went my way down-town, reflectively.

This spirit-episode, thought I, is a scheme invented by the cleverish James, of silver fork experience, to account for the disappearances of comestibles *et al*: which he, in conjunction with Martha, or Sarah, or both, may think conducive to the delectation of "high life below stairs," from time to time. Let me see—ah! why didn't I examine the sideboard doors more minutely? stupid!

I returned to dinner, and inspected the spirit-charmed doors.

Oho! The little steel hasp wherein the bolt slid, had been removed. Here was the whole mystery! No! not quite! How did the doors open at a given moment? Blits, inspire me!

"James, you need not sit up for me. I'll come in with the key, probably late."

"Very well, sir. Though I'd just as soon sit up, sir. My brother and sister are coming to see me this evening, sir, if you've no objection, sir."

"Not the least, James; do as you please."

I reëntered the house at midnight, went quietly up stairs, found the sideboard doors closed—and half the "Catawba" again minus.

Lighting a candle, I knelt down and closely examined the premises.

As I suspected.

A morsel of black wax was stuck on the lower edge of one door. A horse-hair was fastened to the wax. To the horsehair another. To ditto, ditto. And so on, across the carpet, out under the door, along the entry, to the foot of the attic stairs.

I turned down the gas in the bedroom, lay down on a lounge in the other, and waited.

In about a quarter of an hour the sideboard doors slowly opened! I crept cautiously to the chamber-door—following the horse-hair, which was rapidly disappearing—flung it suddenly wide open, and discovered James, sliding in the shadow on the attic stairs, silently hauling in his ghostly line.

James yelled, and arose to flee.

But, by a masterly movement, I preceded him up the stairs to one of the back attics, used as a lumber-room, wherein I found a brisk fire burning on the hearth, a table laid with my sister's damask and best "chaney," and laden with the remains of the boned turkey, the *paté*, and other accessories of a *recherché* supper, including my "Sherry," "Rye," and "Catawba."

Surrounding this, in attitudes of more or less—rather more, I think—abandon, were James's brother and sister (both, I am now confident, apocryphal relatives), with Sarah, Martha, and Martha's "cousin," a "broth ov a boy"—as apocryphal as the fraternities of James—and all getting down-let, by easy descents, into the morpheus abysses (no allusion to the chess-champion, 'pon honor!) of spirituous ecstasy,—ahem!—otherwise tabby.

There ensued a stampede of the guests, eagerly shown down-stairs, and into the "night's Plutonian shore" by James—eagerly, on many accounts, doubtless, but chiefly on his own.

Said Sarah, husky with contrition: (?) "It's the first time, sir, that iver I——" Interrupted indignantly by Martha, with her face like unto an ignited brick-kiln: "'Twas her put us up till it, sir; divil a dhrap o' sperrits iver I smelt afore, an'——" Cut short by Sarah, with a wild "Hoorroo! ye lie, ye——" Slipped in the bed by a loud slap of Martha's broad hand on Sarah's broader cheek—and clinching, they rolled together on the floor.

As Thackeray writ, "Phansy my feelinks!" And imagine the tableau if you can.

I ordered James to show the Amazons to their apartments, and retired to bed, perfectly *clairvoyant* on the Bottle-Imp mystery.

In the morning I heard the confessions of the triad.

James was Arch "Medium," as I supposed. But the spirit-love of his feminine *aides* was ardent, and they lacked no heartiness of participation in the scheme.

The antecedents of James—I refer to the *fork-ed* "spiritualism" occurring at his former place—caused my taking an immediate inventory of my sister's plate, which, having given her, I was tolerably acquainted with. Finding none missing as yet, I gave James permission to suit himself with a better situation, instanter; to prevent accidents, in case the "spirits" might be disposed to enlarge their antic sphere in future. I kept the Amazons, however, on their good behavior until my sister came back. She, being less lenient, discharged them both two hours after her arrival.

One good result is following this domestic "Manifestation."

My brother-in-law, beginning to examine "spiritualism" from a "Gradgrind"-ic stand-point, becometh shaky in belief, more and more. Taking into consideration the human proclivity to hocus-pocus, the "lusts of the flesh, the world, and the devil" (I never honor satan with a capital initial-letter), and the facility with which these may be satisfied under the cloak of "spiritual affinities," "messages," "communications," "revelations," "inspirations," and other "ations" (equally tending to Damnation—with a capital), I think all the phenomena of the so-called "Mediums" capable of elucidation, upon matter-of-fact principles, and reducible to a legerdemain scarcely more abstruse than that of my friend James, the Bottle Imp.

"Try it on" yourselves, if you doubt me. I have said.

KISSES.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

Sitting to-night, in my chamber,
A bachelor rigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only.

Reveries rise with smoke-wreaths,
Memories tender surround me;
Girls that are married or buried,
Gather around me.

School-girls in pantalettes romping,
Girls that have grown to misses;
Girls that liked to be kissed, and
Liked to give kisses.

Kisses—well I remember them!
Those in the corner were fleetest,
Sweet were those, "on the sly;" in the
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna has gone on a mission
Off to the South Sea sinners;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders, and
Cooks her own dinners.

Charlotte, and Susan, and Pattie,
Mary, Jane, Lucy, and Maggie;
Four are married and plump, two
Maiden and scraggy.

Carrie is dead! Bloom sweetly,
Ye mignonettes, over her rest!
Her I loved dearly and truly,
Last and the best.

Thus I sit smoking and thinking,
A bachelor frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only!

[From the Paris Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.]

ALEXANDER DUMAS, JR.

The initial public performance of a new comedy by Alexandre Dumas, Jr., took place last evening at the Gymnase Theatre, to which establishment he has, of late years, devoted the products of his imaginative pen. It had been bruited abroad, for many weeks past, that the younger Dumas was actively preparing to submit to popular judgment a work to which he had devoted the careful study characteristic of his previous conceptions. Such of his friends as had been admitted to an examination of the manuscript, the manager of the theatre, and the artists to whom the various parts were confided, hinted that a rich treat might be anticipated. Although the fiat of the Parisian critics has not yet been heard, nor will be for several days to come, I venture to trespass upon their privileges, so far as to declare the *Père Prodigue* a more complete and brilliant success than any of the author's preceding works.

Although M. Dumas fils has, in reality, accomplished much for so young a man, he is not considered, in France, a prolific author. Perhaps the greatest error of a French dramatist, when he has achieved sufficient popularity to ensure a ready hearing for his future productions, is, that he takes advantage of his reputation to keep his name before the public as constantly and frequently as possible. The natural consequence of this mistaken fecundity is, that the great majority of French plays of the present day, and particularly those written in what is termed "collaboration," show evidence of haste, carelessness, entire absence of study, and generally a total want of any element of durable success. The majority of the vaudevilles, so profusely brought out here every year, and so speedily consigned to merited oblivion, is destitute of a plot, and might be played backwards without the public entertaining a suspicion of the change. Not unfrequently a party of merry Bohemians will dine or sup together, at a favorite café, and when champagne has exhilarated to a high pitch eight or ten of these jovial companions, pens, ink, and paper are ordered, and there, in the midst of the half-empty bottles and scattered débris of the dessert, the bacchanals put their heads together to extemporise a play,—begun and finished in the space of a couple of hours. Two or three of the roysterers scribble their names on a titlepage, as the authors, the whole number of contributors casting lots for the privilege, (?) and the thing is complete. Fortunately for M. Dumas, and unfortunately for the public which admires and encourages his talent, he works hard, produces little, avoids champagne-suppers, and has no collaborators. He is the sole author of all the works which bear his name; and I am strongly inclined to believe that his father's example induced him to adopt, at the outset of his career, the unalterable resolution to steer entirely clear of the annoyances to which the elder Dumas has long been subjected, by working in concert with others.

Of the comedies of M. Dumas fils, the *Père Prodigue* is the sixth. The *Dame aux Camélias* was brought out in February, 1852; *Diane de Lys*, in 1853; the *Demi-Monde*, in 1855; the *Question d'argent*, in January, 1857; and the *Fils Naturel*, in January, 1858. He has consequently devoted nearly two years to the work, whose first representation took place last evening.

A *bon-mot* of young Dumas—the latest—is related as follows: Some indiscreet person, who had heard the title of the new piece, asked the author, a few days ago, if the comedy were not founded upon his father's life. "Not at all," replied young Dumas. "If my father were the subject of this play, instead of the '*Père Prodigue*,' I should have called it the '*Père prodige!*'"

Now that anecdote has at last broken its way into this olla-podrida of theatrico-literary gossip, suppose we change the subject, by recounting a few more items—toujours about the Dumas, father and son. A droll way of "changing the subject," isn't it?—N'importe; if what I have already written has failed to amuse your readers, I conscientiously assure them that they will find the end of this epistle—no worse than the beginning. Some weeks after the first representation of one of the younger Dumas' most brilliant successes—the *Demi Monde*—one of his friends called upon the dramatist, and warmly congratulated him upon his recent triumph. A pleasant chat ensued, in the course of which the visitor suddenly remarked:

"Well! you are hard at work again, of course? What is to astonish us next? What are you doing?"

"Nothing. I am giving my brain a holiday."

"Indeed! And you don't ever read?"

"As little as possible."

"Are you fond of history?"

"No, I detest it cordially, without knowing anything about it."

"Why don't you write a play in verse?"

"Because it is absurd. Think of making a notary talk in rhyme!"

"Molière, however ——"

"In his day, people wore spangles!—and, to tell you the truth, I don't know much about him. I re-read the "Misanthrope," some time ago—which is not a play. Moliere ends two acts, by making a servant announce to Alceste that somebody wishes to see him!"

"How about Corneille?"

"Tiresome."

"Montaigne?"

"I never read his works."

"Who then, in the name of all that is inexplicable, *are* your literary gods?"

"Shakespeare and Balzac! I read nothing else. Unhappily, I do not know English; but have Laroche's translation of Shakespeare, which answers my purpose. Shakespeare! The man of genius, above all others! He exhausted everything—divined everything—said everything, and never overstepped nature! *There's* my poet!"

And let me here interline the remark that all Dumas' Comedies, without susceptibility to the charge of imitation, bear evidence of Shakesperian study. Native of a country whose people love to think their own authors the best, and who flippantly declare Shakespeare inferior to several French poets, this independence is worthy of the highest praise.—There are many absurdities in French translations of the Bard of Avon. How much would the enthusiasm of men like M. Dumas be increased, if they could read his works in the original tongue!

Somebody once asked M. Dumas, Senior, if he had not had a hand in producing the *Dame aux Camélias*. "Better than that," replied he; "I produced the author!" On this same subject, it is affirmed that the elder Dumas, after reading the novel of the *Dame aux Camélias*, declared that the story could not be dramatized. Subsequently, M. Antony Beraud, a Parisian litterateur, undertook the task, and submitted to the author of the romance a play, made up from its pages. Dumas, senior, then determined to write the play which afterwards met with such an unprecedented success. Although he did not in any manner use Berand's adaptation, it is generally believed that, in recompense for the idea, Dumas magnanimously shared with him his author's percentage.

Previously to the first representation of the *Demi-Monde*, the well-known publisher, Michel Levy, had purchased the author's manuscript, for three thousand francs. The price was certainly considerable, for a work which might prove a failure, on the stage, and upon whose theatrical success the sale of the book would depend exclusively. Under these circumstances, when Dumas named his price, Levy attempted to obtain a reduction.

"Mind what you are about, Michel!" said the dramatist. "*Before* it has been played, the manuscript is yours for three thousand francs. If you don't buy it now, and the prices should fall, you may have it, *after*, for a hundred. But, should it succeed, I shall not accept less than ten thousand!"

Levy had a sort of presentiment that the play would succeed, and he hit the right nail on the head by purchasing immediately, risking the result, and deriving a large sum from the immense sales of the book.

On the first night of the *Demi-Monde*, the elder Dumas, far more agitated than his son, was seen running about in the corridors of the theatre, endeavoring to find some kind of a seat—having given away his own box, in accordance with his usual thoughtless generosity. He was bareheaded, his hair flying about in all directions, and seemed only to need a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers to be quite at home.

"I don't know a syllable of the piece," said he, to somebody, "and I haven't seen a rehearsal. But it will succeed, I know! Alexandre is *so* full of talent!"

There is little resemblance between this remarkable father and son, except their personal habits of temperance, which is only noticeable because the contrary is the general rule, among French literary men. Though the pursuits of both are the same, they adopt different means of attaining the desired end. The father seeks his characters in history and his own imagination; the son paints his from real life around him. The father connects his name with those of numerous collaborators; the son labors alone. The high reputation of the father has been largely augmented by the son's brilliancy—and so ends my chapter on Dumas père and Dumas fils.

FICTITIOUS LITERATURE.

About fifty of our daily exchanges, including those of this city, come to us loaded down with the first chapter of a story bearing the portentous title of "Wolfgang; or, The Wrecker's Beacon." The story belongs to the poorest variety of the Robert Macaire school of literature, whose nauseous narratives of blood and thunder, love and murder, appear to have about reached the maximum of detestability. The publication of a detachment of this worthless tale, incorporating in it an advertisement and puff of the New York weekly paper from whose columns it is taken, is literally paid for by the proprietor of the paper referred to, on condition of its appearing as a part of the regular reading matter of the journal publishing it.

This condition, in justice to our readers, we have uniformly thought proper to refuse. We have offered to print the stuff, headed by the word "Advertisement"; but as this is not deemed in any sense an endorsement, we have leave to omit it altogether. This arrangement relieves the patience of our readers from even so much as looking at the silly and pestilent trash referred to. Whenever our stores of matter for making up a paper are reduced to such rinsings of the human intellect as this Robert Macaire literature is composed of, we promise our readers to quit publishing a paper; meanwhile, we assure them of our fixed purpose to practice no such imposition as that above referred to.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—Mr. W. H. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, is said to have received from the Messrs. Routledge £1500 for his Indian Diary.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending January 14, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

The Still Hour: or, Communion with God. By Austin Phelps, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. 16mo. Cloth, 38 cents. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The Organon of Scripture: or, the Inductive Method of Biblical Interpretation. By J. S. Lamar. 1 vol., 12mo. $1. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

Messianic Prophecy, and the Life of Christ. By William S. Kennedy. 12mo, pp. 484. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

POETRY.

Hester. A Poem. By Sylvester B. Beckett. 12mo. pp. 336. 75 cents. Portland: Bailey & Noyes.

ART.

Ruskin on Perspective. 1 vol. 12mo. cloth. 50 cents. New York: John Wiley.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Recollections and Private Memoirs of George Washington. By his Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis. With a Memoir of the author, by his Daughter, and Illustrative and Explanatory Notes by B. J. Lossing. With four Portraits on Steel, etc., etc. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Sketches of New England Divines. By Rev. D. Sherman. For sale at the New England Methodist Depository, No. 5 Cornhill, Boston. J. P. Magee, Agent. 12mo., pp. 443. New York: Carlton & Porter.

NOVELS.

Tale Hunting. By E. L. Llewellyn. 1 vol., 12mo. $1. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

The Rival. A Tale of the Times of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. By Hon. Jere Clemens. 1 vol. 12mo. $1. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

Compensation: or, Always a Future. By Anne H. M. Brewster. 1 vol. 12mo. $1. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

HISTORICAL.

The History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia. By Charles Campbell. 1 vol., 8vo. $2 50. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

History of Dorchester, Mass. By a Committee of the Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society. 8vo. pp. 672. $3. Dorchester: Ebenezer Clapp, Jr.

History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton, and of his Contemporaries. By John C. Hamilton. Vols 4 and 5. 8vo. pp. 564, 603. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Battles of the United States by Sea and Land. By Henry B. Dawson, member of the New York Historical Society, etc. No. 24. New York: Johnson, Fry & Co.

The Council of Revision of the State of New York: its History; a History of the Court with which its Members were connected; Biographical Sketches of its Members, and its Vetoes. By Alfred B. Street. 8vo, pp. 573. Albany: William Gould.

MEDICAL.

Introductory Lectures and Addresses on Medical Subjects. Delivered chiefly before the Medical Classes of the University of Pennsylvania. By Prof. George B. Wood, M.D., LL.D., of the University of Pennsylvania. 1 vol., 8vo, $1 75. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

A Guide to the Knowledge of Life—Vegetable and Animal—being a Comprehensive Manual of Physiology, viewed in relation to the Maintenance of Health. By Robert James Mann, M.D. 88 cents. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clock and Watch making. New and Complete Clock and Watchmaker's Manual, comprising descriptions of the various gearings, escapements, and compensations now in use in French, Swiss, and English Clocks and Watches, cleaning and repairing, patents, tools, etc. With numerous engravings, compiled from the French. With an appendix, containing a History of Clock and Watch making in America, by M. L. Booth. 1 vol., 12mo, $1 50. New York: John Wiley.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for 1860. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

Manual of Libraries, Societies, and Institutions, in the United States and British Provinces of North America. Containing an Historical and Statistical Account of Libraries, Colleges, and College Societies, Academies, Seminaries, and High Schools, Institutions for the Deaf, Dumb, Blind, and Insane; Agricultural, Historical, Scientific, Mercantile, and Young Men's Christian, and other Associations. By William J. Rhees, Chief Clerk of the Smithsonian Institution. 1 vol., 8vo, pp. 700. $3. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

The New American Cyclopaedia. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. VIII. $3; sheep, $3 50; half morocco, $4; half russia, $4 50 each. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Life Without and Life Within. By Margaret Fuller. Edited by her Brother, the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller. In 1 vol., 12mo. pp. 424. $1 25. Containing a Portrait from an original Painting by Hicks. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World. With Narrative Illustrations. By Robert Dale Owen, formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples. 1 vol., 12mo. $1 25. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

The Great Harmonia: being a Progressive Revelation of the Eternal Principles which Inspire Mind and Govern Matter. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Vol. V. 12mo. pp. 428. $1 50. New York: A. J. Davis & Co.

A History of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn. By Jacob Bigelow. 12mo, pp. 20. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

The Man in Black. An Historical Novel. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Mary of Burgundy, Arrah Neil, Lord Montagu's Page, The Cavalier, etc., etc. Fifty cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The Adopted Heir. By Miss Pardoe, author of Confessions of a Pretty Woman, The Jealous Husband, The Wife's Trials, The Rival Beauties, Romance of the Harem, etc. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, for $1 25; or in two volumes, paper cover, $1. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Mary of Burgundy. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of The Man in Black, Cavalier, Lord Montague Page, Arrah Neil, etc. New edition. 1 vol., 50 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Arrah Neil. By G. P. R. James, Esq. New edition. 1 vol., octavo, 50 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

HISTORICAL.

The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the Rev. James White, author of a History of France. With a Copious Index. From the Second Edinburgh Edition. 1 vol., 12mo. pp. 538. $1 25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ENGLISH.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Harry Evelyn: or, The Romance of the Atlantic: a Naval Novel, founded on fact. By Vice-Admiral Robinson: with Plan of the Battle of Trafalgar. Crown 8vo, cloth. 7s. 6d. London: J. Blackwood.

Freshfield. By William Johnston, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth. 10s. 6d. London: J. Blackwood.

The Step-Mother; or, Will She Be a Nun? Crown 8vo, cloth. 5s. London: J. Blackwood.

Lichtenstein; or, The Outlaw: a Tale of Wurtemberg in the Sixteenth Century. From the German. By Elinor M. Swann. Crown 8vo, cloth. 5s. London: J. Blackwood.

Hinchbridge Haunted: A Country Story. By George Cupples, Esq., author of The Green Hand, The Two Frigates, etc. With Frontispiece and Vignette by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth. 10s. 6d. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

POETRY.

Political Poems and Songs Relating to English History, composed during the period from the Accession of Edward III, to that of Richard III. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., etc., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, etc. Vol. 1. pp. civ. 464. London: Longmans. [Printed by order of Government.]

"Married Off." A Satirical Poem. By H. B. With Eight Illustrations by Florence Claxton, engraved by Gilks. 2s. 6d. London: Ward & Lock.

RELIGIOUS.

Commentary on the Pentateuch. Translated from the German of Otto Von Gerlach, by Rev. H. Downing, Incumbent of St. Mary's, Kingswinford. In demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

Pre-Adamite Man: or, The Story of our Old Planet and its Inhabitants, told by Scripture and Science. Beautifully illustrated by M. Mervieu, Dalziel Brothers, Moody, Woods, etc. 10s. 6d. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

A Fallen Faith: Being a Historical, Religious, and Socio-Political Sketch of the Society of Friends. By Edgar Sheppard, M.D., Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, and Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. Crown, 8vo, cloth. 5s. London: Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.

TRAVELS, ETC.

A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Capt. M'Clintock, R.N. With an introduction by Sir Roderick Murchison, F.R.S. With Two Maps, facsimile of the Record found of the Franklin Expedition, and numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 16s. London: John Murray.

Rural Life in Bengal. Illustrative of Anglo-Indian Suburban Life, more particularly in connection with the Planter and Peasantry, the varied Produce of the Soil and Seasons, with an Account of the Culture and Manufacture of Indigo. Super-royal 8vo, with 166 Illustrations. 18s. London: W. Thacker & Co.

Three Months' Rest at Pau, in the Winter and Spring of 1859. By John Altrayd Wittitterly. Crown 8vo. London: Bell & Daldy.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Memoirs of the Life of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.: with Selections from his Correspondence and Journals. By his Brother-in-Law, John Clark Marshman. 1 vol. 8vo, with Portrait and Two Maps. London: Longman.

The Life and Times of Daniel De Foe; with Remarks, Digressive and Discursive. By William Chadwick. 8vo, pp. 472, with Portrait. 16s. 6d. London: John Russell Smith.

The Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti. With an Introductory Memoir of Eminent Linguists, Ancient and Modern. By C. W. Russell, D.D., President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. 1 vol. 8vo, with portrait and facsimiles in 16 Languages. Cloth. 12s. London.

Becket: A Biography. By James C. Robertson, M.A., Canon of Canterbury, and author of History of the Christian Church. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. 9s. London: John Murray.

MEDICAL.

Deafness: its Cause and Cure. By Thomas R. Mitchell, M.D., F.R.C.S., etc., member of the Pathological and Obstetrical Societies. 8vo, with woodcuts. 2s. London: Longman & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Of Motion. An Elementary Treatise by John Robert Lunn, M.A., Fellow and Lady Sadleir's Lecturer of St. John's College. 8vo, 7s. 6d. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.

The Corpuscular Theory of Light Discussed Mathematically. By R. Potter, M.A., late Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, Professor of Natural History and Anatomy in University College, London. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.

Elementary Hydrostatics for Junior Students. By R. Potter, M.A. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.

A Treatise on Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics. By W. H. Besant, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. 8vo, cloth. 9s. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.

A Neglected Line of Study Strongly Recommended to the Rich. By the author of Morning Clouds. Post. 8vo. 1s. London: Longman.

Old Leaves Gathered from "Household Words." By W. H. Wills. 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall.

A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. 1 vol. [illegible] pages. 14s. London: Trübner & Co.

A Sketch of the Literary History of Germany. By Gustav Solling, Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. 8vo, cloth. 4s. London: Williams & Norgate.

The Shakespeare Fabrications; or, the MS. Notes of the Perkins Folio shown to be of Recent Origin; with an Appendix on the Authorship of the Ireland Forgeries. By C. Mansfield Ingleby, LL.D. Foolscap, 8vo, with a facsimile. Cloth. 3s. London: J. Russell Smith.

Essays, Military and Political, written in India. By the late Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, K.C.B. 8vo. 14s. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

Fratris Rogeri Bacon Opera quaedam hactenus inedita; vol I. containing I. Opus Tertium. II. Opus Minus. III. Compendium Philosophiae. Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A., Professor of English Literature, King's College, London, and Reader at the Rolls. pp. cx. 576, with two facsimiles. London: Longman. [Printed by order of Government.]

Bartholomaei de Cotton, Monachi Norwicensis, Historia Anglicana (A.D. 449–1298); necnon ejusdem Liber de Archiepiscopis et Episcopis Angliae. Edited by Henry Richards Luard, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. pp. lxxviii. 494, with a facsimile. London: Longman. [Printed by order of Government.]

Moral Emblems; with Aphorisms, Adages, and Proverbs of all Ages and Nations, from Jacob Cats and Robert Farlie. In 1 vol. Imperial 8vo. 31s. 6d. in Grolier covers designed by the Artist; or 52s. 6d. bound in Morocco by Hayday. London: Longman.

Original Papers Illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Milton. Collected and Edited by W. Douglas Hamilton. [Printed for the Camden Society.]

Thoughts on Government and Legislation. By Lord Wrottesley, F.R.S. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. London: John Murray.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

T. B. PETERSON & BROS., PHILADELPHIA.

The Planter's Daughter. A Companion to The Planter's Northern Bride. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 2 vols., $1; or bound in one volume, cloth, for $1 25.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Stories of Inventors and Discoverers in Science and the Useful Arts. A Book for Old and Young. By John Timbs, F.S.A. With Illustrations. 12mo, muslin.

Lucy Crofton. A Novel. By the author of the Days of My Life, The Laird of Norlaw, etc. 12mo, muslin, 75 cents.

Æschylus. Æschylus, ex novissima recensione F. A. Paley, A.M. 18mo, flexible Binding, 75 cents.

Lovel, the Widower. By W. M. Thackeray. [From advance sheets.]

Framley Parsonage. By Anthony Trollope, author of Dr. Thorne, The Bertrams, etc. [From advance sheets.]

Studies in Animal Life. By G. H. Lewes. [From advance sheets.]

Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan. Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan in the Years 1857, '58, '59. By Lawrence Oliphant, Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. [From advance sheets.]

A Commercial House on the Rocks. By Emilie Flygare Carlen, author of The Lover's Stratagem, Ivar; or, The Skjutsboy, etc.

M. W. DODD, NEW YORK.

The Stranger's Stratagem; or, The Double Deceit, and other Stories. By Sarah J. C. Whittlesey.

C. S. FRANCIS & CO., NEW YORK.

Paley's Evidences of Christianity, with annotations by Archbishop Whately. 1 vol., 8vo.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, Jan. 14, 1859.

Woman's Right to Labor; or, Low Wages and Hard Work: In three Lectures, delivered in Boston, November, 1859. By Caroline H. Dall. 12mo., pp. 184. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1860. 12mo., pp. 391. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1860.

Dinsmore's American Railroad and Steam-Navigation Guide, for the United States and Canada, for January, 1860. New York: Dinsmore & Co. 1860.

The Banker's Magazine and Statistical Register. Edited by J. Smith Homans. January, 1860. New York: J. Smith Homans, Jr.

The Christian Examiner. No. CCXVII. January, 1860. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries Concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America. Vol. IV., No. 1. January, 1860. New York: Charles B. Richardson.

Hellier's New York Pocket Business Directory and Diary combined. Published Annually. Comprising the Wholesale and Manufacturing Business of the City of New York. New York: Hellier & Co. 1860.

Irvingiana: A Memorial of Washington Irving. 4to, pp. 64. New York: Charles B. Richardson. 1860.

A History of the Whig Party, or Some of its Main Features, with a Hurried Glance at the Formation of Parties in the United States, and the Outlines of the History of the Principal Parties of the country to the Present Time, etc., etc. 12mo, pp. 377. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. New York: H. Dexter & Co. 1860.

Speech of Hon. John Cochrane, of New York, on the Union and the Constitution. Delivered in the House of Representatives December 20th, 1859. Pamphlet, pp. 8. Printed by Lemuel Towers.

Russell's Magazine. Vol. VI., No. 4. Charleston, S. C. January, 1860.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

After this week, we shall publish, under the above head, a list of all the new Music received at this office. We had intended to do so the present week, commencing with several pieces received from Messrs. William Hall & Sons, and Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., but in press business has compelled us to delay the matter until our next issue.

[From the first number of Thackeray's Cornhill Magazine.]

Father Prout's Inaugurative Ode

TO THE AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR."

I.

Ours is a faster, quicker age:
Yet erst at Goldsmith's homely Wakefield Vicarage,
While Lady Blarney from the West End glozes
'Mid the Primroses,
Fudge! cries Squire Thornhill,
Much to the wonder of young greenhorn Moses.
Such word of scorn ill
Matches the "Wisdom Fair" thy whim proposes
To hold on Cornhill.

II.

With Fudge, or Blarney, or the "Thames on Fire!"
Treat not thy buyer;
But proffer good material—
A genuine Cereal,
Value for twelvepence, and not dear at twenty.
Such wit replenishes thy Horn of Plenty.

III.

Nor wit alone dispense,
But sense:
And with thy sparkling Xerez
Let us have Ceres.
Of loaf thou hast no lack,
Nor set, like Shakespeare's zany, forth,
With lots of sack,
Of bread one pennyworth.

IV.

Sprightly, and yet sagacious,
Funny, yet farinaceous,
Dashing, and yet methodical—
So may thy periodical
On this suspicious morn,
Exalt its horn,
Thron'd on the Hill of Corn!

V.

Of aught that smacks of sect, surplice, or synod,
Be thy grain winnow'd!
Nor deign to win our laugh
With empty chaff.
Shun aught o'er which dullard or bigot gloats:
Nor seek our siller
With meal from Titus Oates
Or flour of Joseph Miller.

VI.

There's corn in Egypt still
(Pilgrim from Cairo to Cornhill!)
Give each his fill.
But all comers among
Treat best the young;
Fill the big brothers' knapsacks from thy bins,
But slip the Cup of Love in Benjamin's.

VII.

Next as to those
Who bring their lumbering verse or ponderous prose
To where good Smith and Elder
Have so long held their
Well-garnished Cornhill storehouse—
Bid them not bore us.
Tell them instead
To take their load next street, the Hall of Lead!

VIII.

Only one word besides—
As he who tanneth hides
Stocketh with proper implements his tannery:
So thou, Friend! do not fail
To store a stout corn flail,
Ready for use, within thy Cornhill granary.
Of old there walked abroad,
Prompt to right wrongs, Calif Haroun al Raschid:
Deal thus with Fraud,
Or Job or Humbug—thrash it!

IX.

Courage, old Friend! long found
Firm at thy task, nor in fix'd purpose fickle:
Up! choose thy ground,
Put forth thy shining sickle;
Shun the dense underwood
Of Dunce or Dunderhood:
But reap North, South, East, Far West,
The world-wide Harvest!

— Mr. Layard has returned from his Italian tour, and is preparing for the Press a pamphlet on the Italian question.

Special Notices.

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CONOVER & WALKER,
No. 298 Broadway, N. Y.

Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship KANGAROO for Liverpool, Saturday, January 14th, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

William Everdell & Sons,
ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS,
104 Fulton (near William street), New York.
VISITING CARDS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
[ESTABLISHED 1815.]

[From the *Press*, Philadelphia, October 7, 1859.]

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

To have a favorite piece of china chipped or broken, a pet book with its binding torn, a nice piece of furniture fractured, is a terrible and temper-destroying nuisance. Not without remedy, as we can testify. Mr. Spalding, who advertises his Prepared Glue in the *Press* to-day, sent us some of it yesterday. We devoted two hours to its practical application—result, two carved chairs completely restored, many odds and ends of china and glass made fit for use, a tattered map made as good as new, several daguerreotypes cases renovated, and an old folio edition of Herodotus and Homer, printed in the year 1500, whose antique boards (literally *boards*) were split, made strong enough to last for another century or two. We might have mended any quantity of children's broken toys, but caved in after an hour at the worst of them. This Prepared Glue, which is a liquid about as thick as glue, and applied by a brush which accompanies each bottle, is so indispensable in a house that we now wonder how we could have gone without it.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } Proprietors.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1860.

ALL ABOUT GOVERNORS.

Mankind is born under the fatal necessity of being governed. This is one of its peculiarities. Cain has such an irrepressible desire to kill Abel (and the world is made up of Cains and Abels), that some power must be maintained to keep peace between them.

And this power is what is called Government.

It hasn't, thus far, that we know of, prevented many people from being killed, but so long as men think it has, we ought not perhaps to complain. Indeed, we suppose the illusion that if it wasn't for Government, we should all proceed at once, for the mere Cain-ine love of the thing, to taking each other's lives, ought to be kept up, if only to prevent the race of Governors from becoming extinct. And not only the race of Governors, but the whole race of Legislators. Ah! what a calamity that would be to us all! Think of a world without Governors or Legislators. The United States, for example, without a Congress or a President! Washington washed out of existence! Ten miles square of Government at once annihilated! D. C. forever deceased, and the thirty-two States left, like so many orphans, to look out for themselves. Or, worse still, if possible, the people left to look out for themselves without any States to provide for or to tax them; without any State-House even; nay, absolutely without any Capitol!

No; it is plain that we must have States, and must have Governors and Legislators, else the country would die, and there an end. Without them, life would be a bore, and death a luxury. Why, the very prospect of being deprived of the services of the three hundred honorable men—for of course they are

"All, all honorable men"

now congregated in Washington for the high, disinterested, exclusive, and patriotic purpose of legislating for the Common Good—would drive us all crazy. What, in such an awful emergency, would the papers do for news? And how on earth, if so many honorable patriots and patriarchs were sent home to their too consolate families, would they ever manage to earn their bread? Are they not, most of them, born to govern? And the farmers and the rest of us who have the distinguished honor of supporting them—what possible inducement could we have to labor, equal to the consciousness of being the stay and the staff of so many worthy and devoted chiefs? Besides, what a sublime and touching spectacle it is, to see so many cultivated, high-minded, and affectionate men, leaving their dear homes, and travelling all the dreary way to Washington for the one only purpose of sacrificing themselves on the altar of their country, by going through the arduous and exhausting labor of legislating for and governing us?

Again, look at the matter from an economical point of view. There is the public money—not your money, nor mine, we can take care of that ourselves—but the public's money; what, pray, would become of that, if it were not for these wise and prudential legislators and governors who meet together every year to distribute what is inconvenient or impracticable for them to pocket, or otherwise dispose of? Or how, in fact, but for these worthies, could the public money ever be got together? How, without them, for example, could we ever have a Custom-House? And who ever heard of a country without a Custom-House?

"A Church without a Bishop"

can be managed; and now-a days we must even reconcile ourselves to

"A State without a King;"

but a country without a Custom House is no more to be thought of than a solar system without a Sun. If we should seriously propose such a thing, the office of THE SATURDAY PRESS would be pulled down about our ears before morning. So, we beg most distinctly to say that we do *not* propose it, but only with fear and trembling suggest it as a calamity to be provided against in every possible way, and, especially, by keeping up the race of Governors and Legislators, without whom the Custom-House, as well as many of our other institutions, could not be kept up for a day.

There are our laws, too. How should we ever have a new set of laws, if it were not for Governors and Legislators? Isn't it as plain as a pike-staff that if they were to be dispensed with, we should have to go on forever and a day with the laws that we now have on our Statute-Book? And isn't this idea alone—however complimentary it may be to previous Legislators—too appalling to dwell upon even for a moment? Besides, since the law is the embodiment of Human Wisdom, isn't every succeeding generation entitled, in turn, to have *its* Wisdom embodied? And how can we have new laws, unless we have Legislators to make them? Moreover if we had no new laws, we should soon have no laws at all, and then—it's a dreadful question to put, even suppositiously—what would become of our Lawyers, to say nothing of our Court-Houses, which are almost as useful, besides being quite as ornamental, as our Custom-Houses?

We do humbly rejoice then, in view of all these considerations, that we live in a country where we have the inestimable privilege of being governed,—in fact, of being governed more, and of having more Governors than any other people under the sun.

But what makes us particularly jubilant is the reflection that so many of our Governors are now assembled together at Washington. We feel certain now (if they ever elect a Speaker) of having an entirely new set of laws. A while ago—everything in life being uncertain—we had vague doubts about the matter; these doubts are now dissipated, and we breathe more freely. Yes, we shall have a new set of laws, and in due time (for which also we rejoice) a new set of Law-givers, when there ought to be—and with the aid of our Israelite citizens, now haply so numerous, there doubtless will be—a perfect Jubilee throughout the land. We shall endeavor to show our gratitude to the assembling together of our Governors in Washington, by reporting from time to time somewhat of their sayings and doings. Not all of them, for life is short and our space is limited; but all that is interesting, which will occupy but little room, and will doubtless be found more or less amusing. If it is not found instructive also, we should remember that it is the duty of Hon. Members not to instruct us, but to govern us. If they only attend to this, and at the same time attend to our foreign relations (most of whom, we regret to say, are very poor relations, who need a good deal of looking after) we shall be satisfied, and the First Session of the Thirty-sixth Congress will not have met in vain.

We said something very like this, last year, but it seemed to us worth saying again.

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.—VI.

The Setting of a "Jewel."

"Irrepressible Conflicts" are the order of the day.

That of the House of Reprehensibles may be declared "en permanence."

The week following New Year's day was full of promise. Good cheer and good wishes seemed to be making their marks upon hearts angered and soured by taunt and retort.

Even the irrepressible conflict between Grow and Branch was indefinitely postponed—if not adjusted—by the interference of the police at an opportune moment. Somebody had told tales out of school. Branch said *his* side had given no hints, and Grow said the same; and I believe both, for I believe both to be brave—therefore honest.

In the short, quick debate which led to this affair, the disputants displayed a quiet, self-controlling coolness, as far as possible removed from that bluster and bravado which result in a challenge, and then in the edifying and mutually agreeable performance of swallowing words—dirty ones at that.

Grow said his say, and said it was plain English, and stood up to it. Branch, as a Southern man, asked him to name a place outside of the District where he would receive a communication. Grow replied, in substance, that the postal arrangements of this town were so beautifully systematized, that there wasn't the remotest occasion for bother and expense in transmitting epistolary greetings between them, by extraordinary channels, in reference to the ordinary affairs of life, but if the allusion to a place outside was intended to mean a sweet, secluded spot, where they could stand up at ten paces and pair off by pegging out from the scenes of their Congressional toils, and from the field of their political aspirations, then he (Grow) would rather not, but preferred to take the thing in a natural way, and remained his (Mr. Branch's), respectfully.

Therein Mr. Grow acted like a man.

Mr. Branch having lighted his cigar with the affectionate reply of Mr. Grow, smoked it, and acted like a man, too. That is to say, he neither assassinated him, nor caught him at a disadvantage and broke his head.

If he had only done the latter, Grow would have been "kept before the people" of Europe and America in the extremely touching character of an invalid, and we, who are now in hopeless ignorance of his weight, girth, muscle, stride, and so on, would be favored with various announcements concerning his physiological capabilities and resources, as well as with advertising bulletins of Parisian surgeons upon the condition of the illustrious patient; not omitting to impart a heroic, if not a tragic air to the narrative by detailing the fortitude with which the rather uncomfortable process of roasting a living man's backbone by sections can be endured by one who has an eye to the Presidency.

We have been spared these inflictions; no "jewel," no foolery in the fist-shaking and knee-rattling line, no unpleasant odors of roasted flesh wafted from Paris to these parts.

Another "Irrepressible" since, between the North and South.

The South succumbs!!

The former seemed disposed to carry out the boast of Mr. Hickman, that eighteen millions could conquer eight millions. For a fortnight the North has been coming closer and closer together. There was no symptom of faltering. Cold and icy conduct towards Southern men, Southern beauties, and Southern institutions; and particularly inhuman treatment of that popular Southern staple—*nigger*. There was imminent danger of the loss of life. Southerners got shaky about the extremities, blue about the lips, red about the nose, and watery about the eyes. Not that one would breathe a word against the dauntless courage of the chivalry, but a good many of them thought their time was come. Dutch courage was sustained by potations of unusual frequency and depth; and even the ladies huddled in ghostly circles about their firesides, and whispered, "What will become of us?"

One would have thought there was gallantry enough in the North to respect the beauty and booty of the dark-eyed maidens of the South. Would that I could record that the courtesies universally conceded to helpless woman were not disregarded in the capital of a nation which brags of its devotion to God's last, best. Truth constrains me to say that their feelings were outraged in the most wanton manner. Not content with assault in the street, they were followed to their homes, and even the sacred privacy of their chambers was invaded by the rude representative of Northern Barbarity.

What else could be expected when Helper's book is sold in the streets at fifty cents a copy, and when the mercury in the thermometer has been coquetting around Miss Zero for the past fortnight?

[Sensation-hunters please omit the last paragraph.]

Walt Whitman's Yawp.

The review by the Cincinnati *Commercial* of Walt Whitman's last yawp, which (the review) you were frank enough to print in your last issue, emboldens me to speak my sentiments. When I opened the PRESS containing that extraordinary concentration of words, I said to myself, here's something nice for Mrs. U. to listen to, this night, after the little U's have curled themselves up in bed. Accordingly, the desired hour having arrived, I opened the PRESS, and enquired of Mrs. U. what she knew of Walt Whitman, and I am happy to say,—happy, after reading what the Cincinnati paper says about his "Leaves of Grass,"—that she instantly disclaimed the remotest acquaintance with any one of that name. "Then," I proceeded to remark, "he must be a poetic luminary of the first magnitude—a sort of Fresnel light—who has been, like Alexander Smith, hiding his brilliancy under dry-goods boxes or flour-barrels, and now blazes forth to amaze the readers of the SATURDAY PRESS, and the rest of mankind. Listen; it's good, or it wouldn't be here."

I began. . . .

Last Winter I got on skates, my first appearance before an icy audience for fifteen years.

Happily for me, I selected the night and a retired spot. Unhappily, that the—infernal, I was going to say, hyperborean is better—hyperborean idea ever entered my wretched head; and for its weakness that head paid a fearful penalty.

I cherish a vivid remembrance, that on that fearful night there was an *irrepressible conflict* between my several members. No two of them would go the same way, and when they did, it was not the way I wanted them to go. The only consentaneous movement which they seemed at all disposed to execute, was a spasmodic, unsolicited, and uncontrollable flight *ad astra*, in which my head foolishly refused to participate, and for its contumacy was left behind, the stars being so obliging as to come down in dazzling throngs to gaze upon my helplessness. I remembered the story of Miller at Lundy's Lane, of Bruce (was it?) and the historical Spider, who tried twenty times before he hauled himself up, and I didn't give it up so, O Editor! but "tried, tried again," until I believe the closed-up sutures in my cranium were opened as widely as if the brains were out, and a pint of white beans were in, with the whole *caputal* arrangement sailing in the Anatomist's basin. Such a wild, heterogeneous, insane, Saint Vitus-like *hoky-poky*-maniacal-magic, as my shapely and generally well-behaved branches went into that night, will never be forgotten.

I said I began to read Walt Whitman's Yawp.

Pardon my digression—I have been trying to say that I felt as I was reading, that Walt—whatever that stands for—was on his *musical* skates for the first time.

O Shakespeare, O Milton, O Longfellow, O Henry Clapp junior, Editor of the nicest paper in the country,—I couldn't see it!

I told Mrs. U. so—I asked her what you, O Editor, meant by publishing such wretched trumpery? She had not been favored with your confidence, and said she didn't know. But she didn't think it trumpery—she thought there was something in it.

As Mrs. U. is the poet of my concern, her suggestion to that effect was a strong point in favor of Mr. Whitman's barbaric Yawp.

Furthermore, as Mrs. U.'s fondness for poetry doesn't at all interfere with the clearness of my café noir, the lightness of my muffins, or the integrity of my shirt-buttons, I respect her poetical opinions to every extent consistent with my lordly prerogative.

So I attempted the Yawp again.

Like as Mr. Webster said to the dandy who asked him if he never danced, "I never had intellect enough to learn," so I say—and I say it with grateful humility—"I haven't poetry enough to understand Walt's Yawp." More than that, I don't want to.

My private opinion expressed to you confidentially is, that Whitman found a lot of dictionary-*pi* going off at auction, bought it for a song, employed a Chinese type-setter from the Bible House to set it up in lines of unequal length, and then sold it to you as an original Poem.

The President's Levee

So striking a feature of our Metropolitan life deserves a whole letter, and not a mere paragraph tied on like an additional rag to the tail of a kite. On Tuesday night was the first of the season. Hours, 8 to 10. Modus operandi: You enter with, say, a lady. You turn to the diningroom, at the door of which you drop the ladye fayre, who proceeds to disrobe with the aid of the multitudinous Biddies who adorn that apartment, converted by special decree into a dressingroom; then you leave your hat and coat (with Edward or Lewis, if you're lucky) in a coat-room, and cut round like a pickpocket to an exit door of the diningroom, where you stand making a spy-glass of your neck, in unavailing efforts to outstretch your neighbors in the hunt for your particular flame; she comes and hooks on; you proceed at a funereal pace, and with an expression of countenance eminently befitting the solemn duty in view, across a corridor, through the red-room, which is generally occupied by tête-a-têtes, and then through a three-foot doorway into the blue-room, where stands the President, and at his side the Marshal, to whom you seriously whisper your name, which he forgets and substitutes another, by which you are mentioned to the greatest man in the country. Then *you* mention the lady's name, rightly this time; you both shake hands and move on, for there is an impatient crowd behind you.

Five steps—by mathematical measurement—from the illustrious uncle, is the lustrous and sparkling neice, who queens it in the People's Palace, and who represents the Home part of the establishment. My only objection to that fair lady is, she is so very *English* in her style, that I can't realize her good, sound, Pennsylvania descent. Not that I don't love English girls, for theoretically I adore more than twenty, whose pictures I have seen in Punch (copied without credit into *Harper's Weekly*); but then she ought, "by rights," to be an American beauty, and not an English one. Arriving in her immediate presence, you find at her side a little, smiling man, who, holding the office of Commissioner of Public Buildings, is deemed specially qualified to be master of ceremonies—though I don't see the connection—and he puts you in favor with the lady, by the same easy and accurate process by which the President made your acquaintance. Then you glide past, and going through a third room—the green—you enter that abominable combination of barrenness and gaudiness, that atrocious medley of Dutch paper-hanging, Scotch carpeting, Italian frescoing, and American fixing, yclept the East Room. Around this you parade, in an atmosphere of impurity and unwholesomeness—hygienically speaking—with all the odors of Cologne—the *town*, I mean, not l'eau—hermetically confined in the room, all the windows being kept sacredly closed, until you feel that there is such a thing as paying too dear for a whistle, with the Marine Band thrown in, and you glide out to fresh air and freedom, without waiting for the playing of that tune, which, strange to say, is here used as a signal for Americans to retreat. I mean Yankee Doodle.

Which reminds me to say that Yankees, being *tabu* at the South, what kind of Doodle will be their martial air? And having perpetrated that profound inquiry, to promise you, in some future Waif, a more particular description of some of the distinguished personages one sometimes sees at the levees, pledging you in advance to commit no outrages on decency by dragging ladies' names from that unobtrusive retirement which should be esteemed one of their most sacred privileges.

Am I not wholly U'nos?

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

Women's dress is one of the most agitated, if not one of the most agitating subjects I know of. Every one has read the vituperation of the hooped skirt, long dress, small bonnet, etc., with approval or contempt, as the sex may be. Every one, too, must have noticed how utterly ineffective the newspaper attacks upon such fashions have been. Crinoline, for instance, has held its calm and haughty ground, with denouncers to right of it, denouncers to left of it, denouncers before it, denouncers behind it, without contracting a square inch of its circumference.

I think one strong reason for this lies in the fact, that my sex keenly saw that the way to win the sneers of the other sex was to accept their amendments in the way of dress. Most of us have noticed the amiable reports in different journals of the Woman's Rights Conventions, and that the ire of the reporters is mostly excited by the fact that the female pleaders are attired in the manner they are perennially advising to us. The absence of crinoline is generally the great moral defect that raises the reporters up to their appalling pinnacle of cant.

I would be pleased to see the young man who would walk the length of Broadway with a female, reasonably dressed, according to the male standard—which reasonable costume may be briefly described as a heavy, unsupported skirt, hanging lank and limber about the forlorn figure, a huge bonnet, projecting like melancholy eaves over the brow, with a view of protecting it from the wind and sun, and a pair of heavy thumping shoes, whose heels show grim and savage behind,—for the skirt of the dress must be short enough to display the demoniac shoe. I should like to see the reasonable male who would champion it.

On the other hand, how devoutly he admires the much-abused fashion. The woman with her dress floating gracefully off from her figure, supported by the light and easy hoop-skirt, below which it falls to sweep the ground in the natural flow of beauty; with one of Laurent's most lovely French bonnets, receding daintily from the brow, so as to give the woman a chance to show the beauty of her hair, and to make some practical use of her eyes and ears; with her fine little feet encased in well-made, well-soled patent-leather boots, of which the toes alone are visible. O! I can paint to myself the philosopher at the feet of this divinity.

The truth is, that the fashion of dress the male sex are urging, in theory, upon our acceptance, is not only a disfiguring, but a cruel and unhealthy one.

Take, for instance, that much-slandered article, the hoop-skirt. As long as the public modesty is such that even the most indistinct symptoms of limbs in a woman is considered a dangerous and demoralizing thing, the hoop-skirt will remain a beauty and a blessing. The attempt to disguise the shape of the woman by hanging innumerable heavy skirts about her hips, has ever been disastrous to her health and spirits. All women remember with horror the weight they were expected to suspend from their hips and shoulders, a few years ago,—such weight seeming to devitalize those delicate organs, without which the world could not exist.

Just as that barbarous weight was increased by the quilt, the rope-skirt, the corded-skirt, the flounced-skirt, and woman's burden had become greater than she could bear, an angel came lightly up to her, and in expanding its wings, snatched from her the grievous burden, and bade her go and suffer no more. This angel was in the shape of numerous rows of light and well-covered steel, all linked together with narrow tape, and so nicely adjusted with bands, etc., that the hips, the waist, and the shoulders were equally entrusted with carrying it,—commonly called the hoop-skirt. At this angelic approach, away fled the savage garments, so long the torture of my sex; and in Summer, all that was necessary to the elegance of her toilet was a simple white over-skirt, that a baby might have carried.

Now that the womb of the woman ceased to be dragged and torn out of its place, there seemed some hope that the human race to come might reap some benefit in a new physical energy, etc. Now forsooth the male sex, finding how extremely sanitary and agreeable it is for mine, have taken to abusing it with all their power.

As for the long dress, sweeping the ground, it cannot and will not be done away with, until the costume of the woman becomes exceedingly short. The neither long nor short dress is a thing hideous to behold. Venus herself could not look graceful, if her heels alone were exhibited to the public gaze. The human race have inherited vulnerability of heel from Achilles, and therein can beauty and grace be stricken.

No woman, I think, would object to the short dress, if it would reveal the whole of the foot and ankle.

One thing above others pleases me: it is to see men annoyed by the prevailing fashion. Not out of malice am I pleased, but out of a sense of justice. When I see the supposed lords of creation in a car, of a hot Summer's day, with their indignant heads only appearing above the pyramid of light dry-goods, which swell up to their chins, I laugh and am satisfied. Because, when women proposed to wear a truly sensible and beautiful dress, men opposed it, not only by argument, but by brute force. The Bloomer is the costume to which I refer. Of course, when I mention it, men will have in their minds a picture of the Bloomer as they have seen her. They must try to remember, if the superiority of their minds will allow them, that the Bloomer has been worn only by old and ugly women, who exhibited the most hideous taste in its combinations. Let the young and lovely have a chance at it for a month or so, and I would like to see where male logic would be at the end of it.

Fancy a beautiful young woman, of a June evening, in a white sprigged muslin dress, coming just down to her knees, and finished off at its termination with a puff of pink ribbon and white lace. Her pantalettes, made of sprigged blonde lace, very full, Turkish style, are gathered up with a knot of rose ribbons at the knee, and from thence hang half-way down her lovely leg. The foot, encased in a bronze gaiter with brass heels, is exhibited to the human eye, together with the ankle, and eight inches above it. Her dress is made full in the waist, and as it approaches the white shoulders and neck, it is gathered in loose folds, with a band of pink ribbons, which terminates in a knot of the same on the breast. A string of pearls is clasped about her fair throat, and the same gathers up her short sleeves. Add to this picture the health which so comfortable a dress, conducing to open-air exercise, would bring—that health expressed in the soft bloom of her cheeks, the kindly brightness of her eyes, and the crimson on her lips, that would make the roses feel they were no longer subjects of poetry—and men can hardly help melting before this vision of loveliness, unless they are men of stone.

As the case stands now, even with the blessing of the hoop-skirt, the woman's costume entirely indisposes her for outdoor exercise. For before she can go forth, she must go through with a series of manœuvres as tedious as a military drill. The number of things she is obliged to put on and take off involves a sacrifice of time and patience to which the martyrs were utterly strangers. The consequence is, regular exercise is very rare among women, and no wonder that men, their offspring, have such weak digestions and such selfish habits.

If the Bloomer dress ever comes into sway, carried out in an elegant, tasteful, coquettish manner, I fancy that it will bring with it a freedom for women from conventional lies, from deceit and much uncharitableness, and from their intense desire for money. The dress would be so much less expensive than the present one, and would require taste so much more than extravagance, that one great motive for mercenary marriages were gone. Woman, relieved from the continual burden and fretfulness of an unnatural attire, would grow in good sense and in kindly feeling; child-bearing would become easier, and the physical education of children might become an art instead of an accident.

But until that time comes, may the hoop-skirt reign triumphant, and men be buried 'neath its expanses, and expenses!

°₀°

I hear Winter's "Song of the Ruined Man" much eulogized. I cannot admire it. With the text he begins with, a practised versifier might go on rhyming until the seas were dry. All you have to do is to conjure up all the things that one should not laugh at, and then laugh at them, and there's your poem.

On the contrary, Walt Whitman's "Child's Reminiscence" could only have been written by a poet, and versifying would not help it. I love the poem.

Half an Aphorism.

The North and South, like ale and porter, are very well taken together, but taken separately one of them is altogether too heavy, while the other is positively insipid.

Hard Work for Managers.

Getting the other side of Jordan.

Affaire du Cœur.

A dog-fight.

Leather Meddle.

The quarrel between Spain and Morocco.

Protectionist's Motto.

N' importe.

Self Help.

Smiles.

Testimony of the Rocks.

St. Stephen's Head.

Test-Question.

Grow or Negro.

Republican's Advice to Charles O'Connor.

Stick to your last.

The only Self-made Man.

Melchisedek.

Line of Booty.

Mason and Dixon's.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Up with the Tartan!

What was it that I said a little while ago, when the Bourcicaults seceded from the Garden of Eden, and went out into the wilderness, about its not being quite so clear that the king was really dead, notwithstanding that the whole greenroom, from Awful Jefferson, who assumed the Speaker's Mace, down to la belle Clinton, who didn't play *Dora Sunnyside*, shouted le Roi est mort?

And the Sunday papers cried with one voice, le Roi est mort!

For, be it remembered, that the young and talented critics of the Sunday papers are authors who are endeavoring to create an American drama. They have all sorts of splendid things on hand, such as five-act tragedies in verse, dramas in prose, comedies, farces, and so on, in all sorts of shapes, except the proper and the right ones.

These pieces are often done in the provinces, and occasionally in the metropolis, when some one is jobbing a theatre.

They always fail; they never get beyond that horrible fourth night, the pons asinorum of adolescent dramatists.

Curiously enough, this asinine public wont go to see a stupid play because it is written by the illustrious Brown, the editor of the *Blazer*. They wont have *Kerjunea; or, the Demon of the Inquisition* a beautiful thing in five acts, blank verse, exactly like Beaumont and Fletcher—on any terms.

Yet Brown is popular. About the City Hall and the Custom House he is considered an immense fellow. He has written some very sweet things in Anna Maria's album, and the Dear Child thinks he is much nicer than the subscriber, who writes only prose, and not sweet prose at that.

Mais! this stupid public, this dolt of a public, what does it mean by withholding its half-dollars from the popular Brown, and showering them upon the villainous Bourcicault, who has already attempted to dissolve the Union and ruin the dry goods trade?

More than all, he don't see the American press!

And the wretch lives! Has Jove no bolt left?

Some absurdly practical person may say that the public pays Bourcicault because he is clever and entertaining and wont have Brown because *Kerjunea* is a bore.

In that case, what is to become of the American drama? Where are the purists and the legitimists? Where the Bourbons? Let us hear from them.

In the meantime, apropos to *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*.

I was right about Sir Walter Scott, Bart. He *is* dead, and so he did not get up the play. Perhaps Bourcicault did it better than the author of *Waverly* could have done it.

The latter might possibly have over or under-estimated "Miss Laura Keene's resources," whatever they may be.

I have an indistinct remembrance of having read *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* in my green and salad days, when I was good, like Aldrich, and ate pie; so I can say little of the story, which I suppose every one of my readers knows better than myself.

Walt Whitman, and various other competent critics, declare that the beauty, the force, and the power of the delightful romance cannot be expressed dramatically; and they may be, possibly are, quite right.

I know, however, that Mr. Bourcicault has made a very affecting and interesting play out of it, and perhaps I can't do better than to quote the expression which Charles Reade puts in the mouth of Quin, the actor, during a dispute about the merits of Mistresses Woffington and Bracegirdle. "All I know is," said he, "that one of 'em makes me laugh, and t'other makes me cry, and that's enough!"

That is the case with this play of Bourcicault's. Its construction, from the nature of the case, is not so artistic as some of his previous plays, *Jessie Brown*, for example; but for skilful treatment, the trial-scene, the murder of *Madge Wildfire*, and the attack upon the tolbooth, will all rank highly in the acting-drama.

It may be that some one has done all this much better before. I do not deal with traditions. I belong to this day, this week, and this hour. I, in point of fact, pooh-pooh the old Park-pit. There!

In the first act of *Jeanie Deans* (that is what they call it, I believe,) there is a good deal of going about the stage and looking carefully into corners for people that you know are not and could not be there by any possible or impossible chance, and the ending of the act where Deans père "cusses" Effie, may be just a little too Bowery. It is not the less so on account of Miss Keene's hysterical and extra-spasmodic action, when she ought to be stunned and utterly overwhelmed by the blow that has fallen upon her, nor by Mr. Charles Fisher, who gave the curse savagely, as if he liked it, which, I opine, was not the author's idea. On the contrary, I think that D.D. is exercised in his mind a good deal, and has to relieve himself by a swear. My respected progenitor used to do it occasionally, and we took it as a matter of course.

The second act is given to the trial-scene, which was admirably managed.

The arrangement of the stage was very good; and I noticed but two little points which need reformation. There was a superfluity of cotton headed supernumeraries at the barrister's table, and the intelligent jury might have been cleaner. I don't think that the Scottish yeomanry wore moustaches and dyed them a hundred years ago. I hope not.

Mr. Bourcicault's performance of the Counsel for the Defence was a great hit. He made it a sort of Lincoln's-Inn Dick Busteed. His short, dry ahem! his peculiar twitch of his gown, and handling of his brief, reminded me of a heavy leader before the Court of Queen's Bench, while the manner in which he bullied the Counsel for the Crown, recalled to the mind some souvenirs of that brilliant, American, forensic light, the late Counsel to the Corporation.

Miss Robertson began to act in this scene, and her behavior on the witness-stand was admirable. The struggle between her sisterly affection, and the stern regard for the Sunday-school truth in which she had been educated, was a real triumph of art.

I have fine feelings and delicate sensibilities. I was on the point of gushing. The strain on the lachrymal glands was severe. All the women who had nice pocket-handkerchiefs had gushed long before this time. Young Coupon, who had been doing a heavy amount of dining at home, and had punished an immense deal of the governor's Burgundy, gushed palpably. He said afterwards, at the Club, that he didn't do it, but A. M. vows and declares that she saw him with her own eyes, and I needn't say that any one who doubts those eyes, etc., I shall be obliged, etc., etc.

Miss Keene's best scene was that directly after the trial. The interview with Jeanie was earnestly, carefully, and artistically acted.

The next point of interest was the murder in Meg's cottage. Miss Wells modelled *Meg* after Cushman, and might have done worse. Miss Wells has received many well-deserved compliments for her performance of a most repulsive part.

Following the course of the drama, we come to Jeanie's interviews with the Duke of Argyll and the Queen. Royalty and nobility were represented by Miss Deland and Mr. Mark Smith. The latter was gotten up without regard to expense, and had a manner which may have been like that of the Macallum More, but I think was a little too ponderous and precise.

He is supposed to be at breakfast, this Duke, and he poured out his own chocolate!

Heavens! a Duke of the ruffle-and powder period pouring out his own chocolate! Here is the way in which the thing was really done. It was written by Dickens for France, but the manners of the nobility were the same in both countries:

> Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some few sullen minds supposed to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monseigneur, without the aid of four strong men besides the Cook.
>
> Yes. It took four men, all four ablaze with gorgeous decoration. And the Chief of them, unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monseigneur, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lacquey carried the chocolate-pot into the sacred presence; a second milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that function; a third presented the favored napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches) poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring Heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men; he must have died of two.

Peters was admirable as the chief of the four strong men, but where were the other three?

Miss Robertson acted charmingly in the scene with the Queen, and almost everybody dissolved again.

Now came the most delicate portion of the play. There was a mob to be represented. Now a stage-mob is a difficult thing to do. The men make mobs of your groups, and groups of your mobs. When they should rush, they linger or pose; when they should stand still, they run off. But here was a mob which seemed like the real thing. It was fierce, turbulent, noisy, and picturesque. It groaned at the guard, con amore. It pitched into the Tolbooth with a will. It was a good mob, suggesting riot-acts and trials without end.

The tableau finale is very fine. The Tolbooth in ruins, the mob and soldiers fraternizing, the sisters clasped in each other's arms, not to forget the red fire and the nice pocket-handkerchiefs, made up a charming ensemble.

There was a hurricane of applause, and a terrific call for the destroyer of the Union, the subverter of the Constitution, the defyer of the laws, the trampler upon the Eagle, the snubber of the Genius of Liberty, and the sneerer at the Sunday papers.

Curiously enough, Bourcicault was received not only with favor, but with positive enthusiasm. He had the first and the only call from the house, although Misses Keene and Robertson appeared. Ladies waved those moistened pocket-handkerchiefs, men threw up their hats, and several stout colonels from Peoria came very near to apoplexy. Bourcicault seemed quite surprised at being the Pet of the Public, and I don't wonder.

I am sorry, because if Bourcicault gets to be popular he will be no longer interesting.

But let us cheer up, stand by, and hope for the best. The public, after all, is as capricious as you, Madame, which you pet Monsieur one day, and snub him the next.

As it is, the King has come to something more than his own again.

The tartan is elevated to the highest possible point. Miss Robertson's royal Stuart-plaid is talked of in the clubs as a nice thing for waistcoats; and Keene's is seriously thought of for trowsers. I am going through a heavy course of Gaelic, and think strongly of mounting the Cameronian tartan. I knew a man in the Fifty-ninth (I think that is the Regiment) and dined at the mess. So I think I am entitled to the plaid, don't you?

I came very near forgetting Mr. Baker's arrangement of the music. The Scotch airs are as delightful as the Scotch whiskey when the Baron makes the punch, and the Youngest and the Loveliest smiles over the decoction. But the whiskey splits your head, while the music sometimes, if you have souvenirs, only makes your heart ache. I can get over the latter without ammonia, and with Anna Maria (Oh!), and so I like it best. As to Baker's orchestra it is capital, and I repeat what I have said before that sometimes the play here is stupid, but the music is always good. In this music the utricularis tibia plays a most important part, and it is done by a professor.

I say again, up with the tartan!

All the blue bonnets over to Bourcicault!

And special homage from Scotia to Miss Agnes Robertson! She exudes the perfume of the heather, her eyes drop mountain-dew, her mouth says haggis every time she opens it. She is the bonniest lassie that ever captivated a Hieland lad. [Remark of a gentleman recently from Glasgow, done into English by the subscriber; copyright secured, and right of translation reserved.]

Faits Divers.

Mr. Wallack publishes a card, in which he says that *A Husband to Order* is doing so well, that he finds it to his interest to continue it for the present. So Anna Maria and others who are on the qui vive for the *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, can get off and make their minds easy for the present.

Awful Jefferson has given out the parts for Miss Heron's *Lesbia*, and that young lady will be trotted out at the Winter Garden, if Hayes can get the scenery done, on Monday week. Heron will play Lesbia; young Wallack the heavy Venetian, who has a prejudice against the Falieri family, and "cusses" them through five acts, more or less. Jordan has been specially engaged for the jeune premier; so that the cast will be a good one.

Cook's Circus will be opened at Niblo's Garden next Monday. Cook is a Briton of some note in the sawdust world, and will introduce some entirely new wrinkles into the Cirque, which I like very much when it is well done.

I hear from the modern Athens that the people are still enthusiastic about little Patti, and there is therefore an irrepressible row between the managers,—Ullmann sticking to the real tubs, and Strakosch sticking to his crinoline. Meantime, Gazzaniga has made a sensation in Saffo.

The Habaneros are wild about the *Do* of the new tenor Musiani. He sings it in the *Di quella pira* at the end of the third act of the *Trovatore*. It was the singing of this note by Tamberlik which made him such a favorite with the Parisians.

Some of your non-æsthetic readers may be in the dark as to what the *Do* is. It is the French *Ut*, generally called the *Ut de poitrine*. And if anybody wants to know what that is, here you are: "It is the first of the "monosyllables adopted by Guido, and still used by "the French in solmization. The Italians deeming "this syllable too hard for free and easy pronunciation, "substitute in its place that of *Do*. *Ut* and *Do* are "always the tonic or key-note of the major mode, "and the mediant or third of the minor mode."

I hope that's quite clear, now, and beg to offer my profoundest salaam.

PERSONNE.

Literary Notes.

— The Bradford Club of this city (New York) will shortly issue another volume containing the poems known as the "Croakers," written by the late Joseph R. Drake and Fitz Greene Halleck.

— Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly, has in the press a volume of Political Sketches, by Mr. J. Hollingshead, author of "Under Bow Bells," and which, like that work, is a collection of papers from *Household Words*.

— Pagnerre, of Paris, has published the third volume of his edition of the complete works of Brantome, of "*Vie des dames galantes*" celebrity. It is the first edition that has been framed on the plan of the author himself, and is enriched by a "study" on Brantome's life, from the pen of M. Prosper Merimee, the well-known and popular litterateur.

— The Hakluyt Society announces "A Collection of Documents, forming a Monograph of the Voyages of Henry Hudson," edited, with an introduction, by George Archer.

— German literature has sustained a loss by the death of William Grimm, the younger of the celebrated brother. He was in his 74th year.

— Col. Fuller of New York has a new volume in press, entitled "Mince Pie." What will Ada Clare say to that?

— "The Reliques of Father Prout" (Mahoney) is one of the volumes coming out in Bohn's series of the "Illustrated Library."

— The English Government has granted an annual pension of £50 to Mrs. Jane Taylor of No. 104 Minories, author of an "Epitome of Navigation and Nautical Astronomy," "Improved Lunar Tables," "Guide to the Use of Maury's Charts," etc., for her services in the cause of navigation—a deserved and gratifying recognition of merit.

— The *West Jersey Bugle* (Camden, N.J.), one of the oldest and most respectable papers in the State, has recently been purchased by Mr. Thomas M. Newbould, formerly of this country, and at that time a valuable contributor to THE SATURDAY PRESS. Mr. Newbould has had large experience of the world, and we have no doubt will fully sustain the past reputation of the *Bugle*.

— Miss Agnes Strickland, the authoress of the "Lives of the Queens of England," has in the press a small volume entitled "Old Friends and New Acquaintances."

— The new work of Lord Brougham, formerly announced, is to be published by Messrs. Richard Griffin & Co., of Glasgow, and to be dedicated to the University of Edinburgh, which recently elected his Lordship its Chancellor. It is to be entitled "Tracts, Physical and Mathematical," and will include the celebrated Newton address at Grantham.

— Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby is preparing for publication a volume of Miltonic illustrations, under the fanciful title of "Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton."

— The first volume of "Lossing's Life of Philip Schuyler" is in press, and will soon be issued. The same author has also commenced a history of the War of 1812, to be illustrated and printed uniform with his "Field Book of the Revolution."

— The work of M. Mirelet, the recent French scientific explorer of Yucatan and the adjacent regions, is shortly to be published in a translation by Mrs. E. G. Squier, the wife of the traveller. It is entitled, "Itza; or, Travels in the Unexplored Regions of Central America."

— A Mrs. Byrne, we understand, is the authoress of the interesting volume of "Flemish Interiors" and other works, and from whose pen the new volume, entitled "Undercurrents Overlooked," is announced as "just ready," by Mr. Bentley.

— Messrs. Baily Brothers, the well-known sporting publishers, intend commencing in the Spring a new sporting magazine, to be entitled *Baily's Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes, and Racing Register*. Its price will, we understand, be eighteenpence—a shilling less than the old and successful *Sporting Magazine*.

— Miss Harriet Prescott, of Newburyport, is the author of the startling prose sketch entitled "The Amber Gods," in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Its readers will remember her clever story, "In a Cellar," published last year, and perhaps seek acquaintance with her larger story, "Sir Rohan's Ghost," recently published.

— The incognito of the author of "Sylvan's Holt's Daughter," and several other popular novels, showing talent decidedly above the average, has been broken by the discovery that the pseudo Holme Lee (which appeared in the titlepage) stands for Miss Parr, a lady of Yorkshire.

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans will publish on the 7th of January the first number of a new military paper entitled *The Army and Navy Gazette, and Journal of Militia and Volunteer Forces*, under the editorship of Mr. W. Howard Russell, "late the special correspondent of the *Times*." It will be devoted exclusively to discussions on questions relating to military service and national defences. The office is in Wellington-street North, lately the publishing office of *Household Words*.

— "Sir John Herschel," says a contemporary, "has deposited with the Astronomical Society three manuscript volumes of observations of the solar spots, made by the late M. Pastorff. These volumes were originally presented by the author to Sir John Herschel. They are now transferred to the Society, on the understanding that they shall be considered as belonging to Sir John Herschel during his lifetime; but after his decease shall become the property of the Society. In the mean time, Fellows of the Society interested in the subject of those observations will always have the opportunity of consulting them."

— The author of "Sir Rohan's Ghost," a romance attracting much attention in literary circles, is Miss Harriet Prescott, of Newburyport. Miss Prescott is fresh from the halls of education, and is quite young. She is a native of Calais, Maine, where she was born a little more than twenty years ago. She belongs to a branch of the Prescotts of New England, a family of distinction both in its earlier and later periods, in arms and in literature. Miss Prescott has contributed several very striking articles to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

— Mr. J. Allen, Jr., of Birmingham, announces under the title of the "Devonshire Hamlets," a reprint of the Duke of Devonshire's copies of the 4to Hamlet of 1603 and 1604. The two texts will be printed on opposite pages, with the parallel passages face to face, in antique type, on creamy paper, with the facsimiles of the titlepages and headings.

— A movement was set on foot some time ago to supply libraries for the different police stations of the city. The effort in this direction thus far has been made by private citizens and others interested in the accomplishment of the plan, and alive to the benign results likely to follow. Libraries, in the manner indicated, have already been furnished the stationhouses in the Fifth, Eleventh, and Thirteenth precincts. Should the present zeal in the matter continue, similar supplies to all the stationhouses will probably soon be made. Under the present police arrangements, platoons of policemen are daily detained at the stationhouses for reserve duty, and the beneficial results from occupying their time in instructive and moral reading must be undoubted.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

— The New Haven *Register* says that the valuable library of the late poet, Dr. James G. Percival, of that city, has just been sent to Messrs. Leonard & Co., of Boston, by whom it will be disposed of for account of the mortgagees, at public auction. It contains upwards of 10,000 volumes, and is variously appraised at from $10,000 to $30,000.

— One of the most laborious works of modern times is about being finished, after fifteen years' uninterrupted labor. We allude to the work of the Brothers Hadg, *La France Protestante*; or, "Lives of French Protestants, who have made themselves a Name in History." Nine large volumes are already out, to be followed by a tenth of additions, rectifications, indexes, etc. Though scarcely known, even by name, in this country, it is the great source from which all information about the Huguenot families of settlers in the New World, and their descendants, must in future be drawn.

— Professor Gamls, a learned German, formerly connected with an institution of learning in the Duchy of Nassau, and compelled to leave his country on account of the part taken by him in politics, is about to give a course of lectures, in the German language, at the Cooper Institute, on Universal History. The first of these will be delivered soon after the first of January. Those who are engaged in the study of the German language will find this a good opportunity of educating the ear to its sounds by listening to an experienced lecturer.

— Gen. Henningsen has nearly ready for publication a work on Washington as a Captain, written from original investigation of the battles and strategic movements of the American Revolutionary War.

— The *Albion*, after a very complimentary notice of Mr. Burnham's new edition of the "Works of Sir Philip Sidney," thus notices another work recently issued in this city:

> From Boston we have also another English classic, in an exquisitely beautiful dress. Mr. Veasie of Cornhill, sends us the "Essays of Elia," printed at the Riverside Press, and in a volume of the convenient size and elegant form in which he issued Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." The admirers—we may better say the lovers—of Charles Lamb, will be delighted at the sight of the works on which his fame chiefly rests, in this beautiful garb, which we say with knowledge is by far the handsomest in which they have ever been presented. At this rate we shall soon have a library of English Classics published in Boston in a style that will put the London booksellers to the blush. The London *Athenæum* has confessed as much in a notice of Mr. Grant White's edition of Shakespeare.

— Walter Savage Landor has taken apartments in Florence for the Winter. Mrs. H. B. Stowe is also in Florence with her twin daughters and several *protégés*, all of whom are beseiged with masters in every department of art, in order to make the most of their sojourn in the city of Dante.

— A valuable guide in the formation of a Library of Reference, is furnished in the lately published "List of the Books of Reference in the Reading-Room of the British Museum," forming one volume, 8vo. It is compiled by the Assistant Keeper, Mr. Rye, and gives the particulars of about 20,000 volumes of books free of access, without any formality of application, to the frequenters of the Reading-Room. The edition comprises all such works as are shown by reference to be in most constant demand, as Dictionaries, Encyclopedias, Atlases, Gazetteers, Catalogues, and the leading works on Art, Science, and Literature.

THACKERAY'S "CORNHILL MAGAZINE."

No. 1 of this anxiously-expected periodical has made its appearance, and in external aspect, as in internal interest, it is worthy of the publisher and of the editor. In size it resembles the *Atlantic Monthly* more than the usual run of British magazines. As it is printed in a bold, clear, yet matterful type, and gives 128 pages by some of the leading authors of the age for the very low price of a shilling, it may be considered the latest triumph of cheap and good publishing. With the exception of an inaugurative ode addressed to the author of *Vanity Fair*, by his early friend and old coadjutor in *Fraser*, Father Prout, all the contributions are anonymous, and therefore more than the usual interest attaches to their authorship. The place of honor is given to Mr. Anthony Trollope, who leads off with a first instalment of a novel, "Framley Parsonage," which promises extremely well. Readers of Mr. Trollope's former fictions will recognize with pleasure in "Framley Parsonage" some of their old acquaintances, Bishop and Mr. Prowdie (of "Barchester Towers"), and that caustic and wealthy spinster, Miss Dunstable. The theory and practice of ecclesiastical promotion and preferment, in their connection with politics and parties, will evidently be a main element in "Framley Parsonage," and in vivacity of style and treatment it bids fair to be as successful as the most successful of Mr. Trollope's former fictions. The second article, on "The Chinese and Outer Barbarians," is, we believe, from the pen of Sir John Bowring, who is once or twice modestly alluded to by name in the course of it. While advocating an energetic policy towards China, Sir John by no means breathes war and devastation, but, on the contrary, recommends a fiscal punishment of the Celestials, pointing out the great danger which might be run in the event even of a successful occupation of Pekin by our troops. Then follows chapter I. of Mr. Thackeray's new novel, "Lovel the Widower," in which the editor touches once more his own familiar ground, the London of the nineteenth century, and which is illustrated by his own pencil. Next we have "Studies in Animal Life," from the pen of Mr. G. H. Lewes, with illustrations, in which the wonders revealed by the microscope are popularly and even amusingly treated, in the manner familiar to all readers of his "Seaside Studies," and yet, now as then, so as to present the latest results of the profoundest physiological science. Father Prout's inaugurative code succeeds Mr. Lewes's paper, and is followed by a brief but very suggestive communication on "Our Volunteers," from that high military authority, Sir John Burgoyne, who points out discriminatingly what may and what may not be expected from volunteer corps, and who strongly recommends the training of some of them for operations in the field by an occasional residence at our great camps. An affectionate sketch and estimate of Leigh Hunt, "A Man of Letters of the Last Generation," by his son, Mr. Thornton Hunt, the editor of the *Spectator*, precedes a paper on "The Search for Sir John Franklin," of which, for obvious reasons, we shall only say that it is from the private journal of an officer of the *Fox*, written with graphic unaffectedness and sailorlike simplicity. It is excellently illustrated by an original chart of the track of the *Fox*, and a drawing of the start of exploring parties from Port Kennedy. Some rumors had prevailed of the coöperation in the *Cornhill Magazine* of a distinguished lady writer; and in the short poem, "The First Morning of 1860," a touching expression of womanly hope for the continuance of peace, we recognise the authoress of "Nine Poems by V.," whose reappearance in literature was made so signally a few years ago, by the publication of that very powerful novel, "Paul Ferrol," a species of composition with which it may be expected she will hereafter enrich the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*. The closing article, No. 1 of the "Roundabout Papers," by the editor, with an illustration of his own, forms a graceful *l'envoi* to this most successful first number. It is said that no fewer than 60,000 copies of No. 1 were subscribed for before publication.—*London Critic.*

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The subscriber was advised to have the drapery of the figures brilliant and showy, to gratify the taste of the "country people," but he determined to imitate exactly the rich, mellow tints of the Original Painting in this respect. The wisdom of this decision is verified, not only by the Artists in this city, but by the venerable Rembrandt Peale himself, as will be seen by the following unqualified certificate:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16th, 1859.

I have seen the Chromo-Lithographic Engraving of my Painting of the Court of Death, recently executed for Dr. G. Q. Colton (the present proprietor), by Sarony, Major & Knapp, of New York, and can certify that IT IS AN ACCURATE AND ADMIRABLE COPY OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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PROFESSOR FELTON, of Harvard University, in a recent paper read at a meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, gives an account of his visit to DR. ABBOTT'S EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, and says that it is "*full of antiquities, rarer and more curious than those in any European museum.*"

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ORIGINAL HISTORICAL PICTURE OF

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BY THE GREAT VELAZQUEZ,

Painted in Madrid in 1623

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Notwithstanding the War of Extermination

Now going on in the newspapers against that useful article—Ladies' Hoop Skirts—a further improvement has just been made, and a patent granted for the same.

On December 27th, 1859, Letters Patent of the United States were reissued to S. H. DOUGHTY, vesting in him the right to make and sell what is known as the "Woven Skeleton Skirt," which is acknowledged to be the *lightest, neatest, and most desirable* Skirt in the market.

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Bookseller—"Thomas, bring me THE SATURDAY PRESS."
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SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.—Ive's Patent Sleeve-Buttons and Shirt-Studs; also, Cuff and Collar-Pins for Ladies, and Armlets for Children. They require no buttonholes, do not unfasten, combine great beauty and utility. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Gold and Silver Watchcase Manufactory of JOHN H. GIFFIN, No. 57 Vesey street, New York.

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GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP it is well known, cures TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT-RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH, CHAPS, CHAFES, TENDER FLESH, etc., besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. *GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTLE* uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lips, or any part of the body, safely and quickly, warranted. *LIQUID ROUGE* for pale lips and cheeks. *LILY WHITE* for flushed, red, and heated faces. *HAIR DYE* instantly converts red, gray, or light hair to a beautiful brown, without staining the skin. *HAIR RESTORATIVE* for the hair to grow, and make stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy, and silky. Found at Dr. GOURAUD'S old established depot, No. 67 WALKER STREET, first store from Broadway. Sold by Mrs. HAYES, Brooklyn, and Druggists generally.

ROMAN EYE BALSAM.—Any accident or disease that would weaken and inflame the Eyes, and perhaps destroy the sight, must be considered one of the most terrible afflictions that could befal one. There are, however, a numerous class peculiarly exposed to this dreadful calamity, such as miners, operatives in metals, and other mechanics; who from the nature of their employments are compelled to work in a cloud of dust, and grit. Such persons should never be without the Balsam; it acts almost like magic in allaying irritation and inflammation: a few applications perfect the cure.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally.

A REFLECTIVE RETROSPECT.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Tis twenty years, and something more,
  Since, all athirst for youthful knowledge,
I took some draughts of classic lore,
  Drawn, very mild, at ——rd College;
Yet I remember all that one
  Could wish to hold in recollection;
The boys, the joys, the noise, the fun;
  But not a single Conic Section.

I recollect those harsh affairs,
  The morning bells that gave us panics,
I recollect the formal prayers,
  That seemed like lessons in Mechanics;
I recollect the drowsy way
  In which the students listened to them,
As clearly, in my wig, to-day,
  As when a boy I slumbered through them.

I recollect the tutors all
  As freshly now, if I may say so,
As any chapter I recall
  In Homer or Ovidius Naso;
I recollect, extremely well,
  "Old Hugh," the mildest of fanatics:
I well remember Matthew Bell,
  But very faintly, Mathematics.

I recollect the prizes paid
  For lessons fathomed to the bottom;
(Alas, that pencil-marks should fade!)
  I recollect the chaps who got 'em
The light equestrians who soared
  O'er every passage reckoned stony;
And took the chalks—but never scored
  A single honor to a pony!

Ah me! what changes time has wrought,
  And how predictions have miscarried!
A few have reached the goal they sought,
  And some are dead and some are married!
And some in city journals war;
  And some as politicians bicker;
And some are pleading at the bar,
  For jury-verdicts or for liquor!

And some on trade and commerce wait,
  And some in schools with dunces battle;
And some the Gospel propagate,
  And some the choicest breeds of cattle;
And some are living at their ease,
  And some were wrecked in the "revulsion,"
Some serve the State for handsome fees,
  And one, I hear, upon compulsion!

Lamont, who, in his college days
  Thought e'en a cross a mortal scandal,
Has left his Puritanic ways,
  And worships now with bell and candle;
And Mann, who mourned the negro's fate,
  And held the slaves as most unlucky,
Now holds him, at the market rate,
  On a plantation in Kentucky!

Tom Knox, who swore in such a tone
  It fairly might be doubted whether
It really was himself alone,
  Or Knox and Erebus together—
Has grown a very altered man,
  And, changing oaths for mild entreaty,
Now recommends the Christian plan
  To savages in Otaheite!

Alas, for young Ambition's vow,
  How envious fate may overthrow it!
Poor Harvey is in Congress now,
  Who struggled long to be a poet:
Smith carves (quite well) memorial stones,
  Who tried in vain to make the law go;
Hall deals in hides; and "Pious Jones"
  Is dealing faro in Chicago!

And, sadder still, the brilliant Hays,
  Once honest, manly, and ambitious,
Has taken latterly to ways
  Extremely profligate and vicious;
By slow degrees—I can't tell how—
  He's reached at last the very groundsel.
And in New York he figures now,
  A member of the Common Council!

[From the Berlin correspondence of the Boston Congregationalist.]

HUMBOLDT.

Now that the great man has passed away at length, one wishes to see at least, the place where Humboldt worked and thought, and so yesterday I went down to the humble house on the Oraninburger street, one of the most ordinary mansions in Berlin. The "faithful Seifert" met us at the door, well known to Americans as the man who, for thirty-six years, has attended Humboldt in all his travels, a rugged German man, nearly seventy himself, I judged, who welcomed us very hospitably. As is well known, this man has inherited all of Humboldt's library and instruments, and the valuable collection of art treasures and medals which the great philosopher left behind him. These all Seifert offers for sale; at a great price, I must confess, but still at a price which would place the valuable collection within the reach of any one of our American States, several of our cities, and a few of our Colleges. It has been lately proposed to catalogue the whole, and expose them at private sale, but Seifert's attachment to his master is of so true a nature, that he has not been able to consent, as he told me yesterday, with tears in his eyes, that they should be scattered far and wide; he would have them all go together, an unbroken, undivided, Humboldt Collection. So he still proposes to sell all that Humboldt left, for seventy-five thousand American dollars. The collection would not bring nearly that amount, not the third of it, sold on its own merits alone, but the name of Humboldt gives it a value which, perhaps, is not overestimated at Mr. Seifert's appraisal. I will only say, in this connection, that Humboldt's faithful attendant wishes the collection to pass into the hands of Americans, and he pressed me to state his solicitude in one of my letters for the Press. There was no nation of which the great Humboldt thought so highly as of America, and no American was ever denied to his Excellency till the latest years of a life, protracted to a few months short of ninety years. Seifert told me that over two thousand Americans are on record, as having called on Alexander Von Humboldt.

The house itself is, as I remarked, of the simplest and most unpretending exterior; and interiorly, it preserves the same simplicity. My four rooms, for which I pay twenty dollars rent a month, are sumptuous, compared with apartments so long occupied by this lord of science and thought. Passing through a plain door, with rusty brass knobs, we came into a small room, very much filled with specimens of natural history, and having the air of much confusion. A huge stuffed owl stood close by the window, and watched over a large and miscellaneous assortment of such matters as Humboldt had collected during his travels. On one side hung a very old map of Rome, on another, Hildebrandt's well-known lithograph of Humboldt in his library. The next room was the library proper, a large, well-proportioned room, mostly filled with books. There was a picture of Humboldt's brother William, who died in the very prime of his life, a man in no way inferior to the late Baron, though not a man of such remarkable beauty. There was a view of Humboldt, taken by Hildebrandt, from behind, in which it was possible to trace something of Humboldt, despite the entire absence of face. The books of the library are very miscellaneous; there are some very rare works; some expensive books of plates; but the books are generally of a miscellaneous character, and indicate the wide range of the Baron's studies. I noticed that English and American literature is well represented there. In all, the number of volumes is not far from twenty-four thousand, as Seifert told me, and the chief value which they would have, is, that they are largely annotated by the great possessor. As Coleridge's books were all more valuable, because of what he wrote in their margin, than for what their authors wrote in the body of the work, so Humboldt's library obtains its real value in consequence of what he wrote as comment, as he read.

The next room is mainly devoted to pictures of art. Not a large collection; many things not especially valuable, except from their connection with their possessor. I noticed the best picture of Humboldt ever taken, by the distinguished Schrader, and a portrait by Schrader, too, of Seifert's beautiful daughter, who came in to greet us, and to talk of Humboldt,—the familiar steel engraving of our Washington, standing by a large stone column, half of my readers have seen the same; a steel engraving of Louis Phillippe, and the present king and queen of Prussia. There was one plain armchair in this room, in which Humboldt always sat to take his coffee. I have heard that Humboldt never sat in an armchair; he did not often, but he tolerated one on his premises.

The next room was small, and contained whole works of art, but was not much used by Humboldt, apparently. In it was a cast of Humboldt's face after death, but I did not look at it, preferring to carry rather in my memory that lifelike picture by Schrader, which adorns the walls of his breakfast-room. Mr. Seifert then invited us into the study. It was just such a room as Hildebrandt has represented it, just as plain as I had fancied, but smaller. Indeed, it would be called a very small room with us, and a rather dark, disagreeable room. It was away from the street; it was dark; it seemed gloomy. Yet here was where Humboldt worked and thought. There I seemed to be in his workshop. There stood that plain pine table on which he wrote Cosmos, the drawers yet filled with the memoranda for that great monument of his learning and strength. Not an armchair was in that room; one little picture from one with a name unknown to me; a few books, a few instruments, and this was all. There was an oilcloth carpet on the floor of this room; no other room had any carpet.

On the table whereon Cosmos was written, Seifert spread out the hundred and more medals which Humboldt had received in token of his attainments. After his death they were found in some obscure place where Humboldt had thrust them; for it was not such things that Humboldt prized. They are valued at over two thousand dollars, and will be given to the purchaser of the collection.

Then we went into the little sleeping-room, which, in May of this year witnessed Humboldt's death. It was furnished with a simplicity approaching almost to baldness; it was more simple in its arrangements than the dormitory of a second-class American Academy. The bed had been removed; everything else remained. Here Humboldt spent the hours from three till seven; only four hours of sleep he allowed himself.

It was sad, it was solemn to go over these vacant apartments. Here was Seifert, hardly refraining from weeping as he talked of his master; here was Seifert's beautiful daughter, whom Humboldt held when she was baptized,—but the great spirit of the place was gone. It seemed almost like sacrilege to be walking so freely about those rooms, to be looking into Alexander Von Humboldt's drawers; to enter his sleeping-room; and to sit in the chair where he took his coffee. It was one of the saddest, and, at the same time, one of the grandest hours of my life. To be standing in the footsteps of so great a man, and to be looking out upon the world where he looked out upon it, and to mark how independent real greatness is of all the adjuncts of pomp or circumstance, was a good lesson to the soul.

Berlin, December 7th, 1859.

VANITIES FROM "VANITY FAIR."

CRUEL.—Gerritt Smith is at Utica, slowly recovering from his mental aberration. The *Tribune* of last Friday says:—"We sent to him the files of the *Tribune* for a month and a half past, which will be read to him." We predict a relapse.

THAT CLOCK.—With such a horde of time-servers about the City Hall, pray, why can't we be Served with the Time!

A WORD TO THE BOY WHO EXPECTS TO BE PRESIDENT IN A.D. 1900.—Refuse all instruction concerning the points of the Compass—since it will be absolutely necessary that you should "know no North, no South, no East, no West!"

"ALL TALK AND NO CIDER."—Governor Wise, we have had ample opportunity to observe, is endowed with the Sense of Speech, but who could ever discover the Sense of his Speeches.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMNER.—Negroes.

VINOUS.—If old wine is good, is Elder wine better?

OTHE.—Much as we would regret to hear that Governor Wise had lost his Voice, we should be highly delighted to learn that he was Speechless.

ET TU BRUTE?—A friend suggests that we ought to do something for the Omnibus Horse, in *Vanity Fair*. It is true this sore and abused animal has always been popular with paragraphists, but really, the Russ pavement has become so slippery that he is no longer a Standing Subject.

WAREHOUSE POETRY.—A model advertisement-writer in the *Herald* calls the sewing-machine "a swift-fingered sister of love and charity." Let us hereafter speak of the cooking-range only as the warm-hearted minister to appetite and contentment; of the Daguerreotype Apparatus as the bright-faced reflector of beauty and worth, and, among other ingenious mechanical productions, of the model advertisement-writer as the soft-headed distributor of mellifluous soap.

LAWS O' MERCY.—The ordinances against Cruelty to Animals.

AN EVER-THING.—When an Englishman is in luck he talks of seeing palmy days, and a Frenchman, who has a stroke of good fortune may, with equal propriety, *s'y pamer d'aise*, also.

NEWSBOY'S EXCLAMATION ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Oh! '60.

ARMA VIRUMQUE, ETC.—Every one has observed the remarkable slenderness of leg in the Frenchman generally. It can only be accounted for, we think, by his disposition to Fly to Arms on the most trivial provocation.

DID Nebuchadnezzar go to grass in the hey-day of his youth?

QUERY.—Is Sleepy Hollow a Yawning gulf or a mere Gape in the mountain?

A MEM. FOR THE BOY.—A great many people in this world are Sayers but not Doers. It will be bad for Heenan if the English Champion should rank in both classes.

THE PRESENT STYLE OF LADIES' DRESS.—The Low and Behold style.

—*Vanity Fair*, Jan. 14th.

THE RICHEST WOMAN IN ENGLAND ELOPES WITH HER FOOTMAN.—The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* gives the following information in regard to the elopement of Mrs. J. H. Gurney with her footman:

The lady in question was the daughter of the late Richard Gurney, by whom she had a fortune of nearly £25,000 a-year, absolutely secured to herself. She was considered the richest married woman in England. All this fortune she is now free to dispose of as she likes—in enriching, if she chooses, the fortunate flunkey whom she has chosen for the partner of her flight. Her injured husband has already taken the first steps for obtaining a divorce, but such is the pressure of divorce business before Mr. Justice Cresswell's Court, that his solicitor has been informed, I am told, that fourteen months are likely to elapse before the case can be brought to issue.

Meanwhile, the affair is a great blow to the large and respectable Gurney connection—so well and widely known for its philanthropic activity, as well as its wealth.

SATIRICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

In Tuesday's Philadelphia *Ledger*, we find a very amusing advertisement, satirical and true, aimed at those Irish autocrats of domestic life—the Biddies. In a few lines, the whole case, as between mistress and servant, is well stated.—*Phil. Press.*

COOK WANTED.—A Woman in respectable circumstances, living in the West End, and who can give the best of references as to character, wishes to ENGAGE a Lady to do washing and ironing for herself, husband, and six children. If the family is found to be too numerous, some of the children will be sent out to board. In order to make the duties of the situation as easy as possible, a lady of inferior quality will be engaged to do the heavy part of the washing, and a colored gentleman will be in attendance to do any work that may be considered unbecoming in a lady—such as blacking boots, washing door-steps, scrubbing floors, cleaning knives and forks, making fires, carrying water, running errands, and other duties of a like kind too numerous to mention. She will have the Thursday nights to herself, with full permission to use what flour, milk, butter, sugar, and eggs she may require to prepare cakes and other dainties for the usual Thursday evening jubilees. She may also have, without asking permission, supply for her relatives and friends, with everything from the family cupboard. A present will be made her at Christmas of a Silk Dress and a set of Jewelry, and she will have liberty at all times to go out to balls, evening parties, and conversaziones. The advertiser never goes into her own kitchen, looks her presence, or exercises any impertinent interference in her family affairs. Address, "WEST END," at the *Ledger* office.

ECHOES OF PARTY DRILL.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Atlas and Bee*, in speaking of the balloting for Speaker, says:

I was much amused with the story of one of the Western members, who is, by the way, one of the clearest-headed and large-hearted men here. Said he, "I declare to you that I have got so used to shouting out 'John Sherman,' when I am spoken to, that when the waiter asked me this morning at the table what I would have for breakfast, I told him 'John Sherman!'"

AMERICAN WATCHES
MADE BY THE
American Watch Company,
AT WALTHAM, MASS.

Attention is invited to the following statement, and the accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials of these celebrated Watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the Massachusetts Mechanical Association, 1856.

A gold medal was also awarded them by the American Institute, at New York, in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory time-pieces ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and, necessarily, as perfect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their watches, in many instances, by actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best Marine Chronometer. The following certificates are from gentlemen who have carried their Watches with them in their daily avocations, and are, therefore, reliable indications of what may be expected from the American Watch when in ordinary active use:

Letter from Paul Morphy, the celebrated Chess Player:

NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR.—The American watch, No. 9240, presented me by the New York Chess-Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 3d, correctly:

June 15, fast 4 seconds.		Aug. 15, fast 18 seconds.	
July 1, " 6 "		Sept. 1, " 23 "	
" 15, " 10 "		" 15, " 28 "	
Aug. 1, " 16 "		Oct. 1, " 32 "	

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,

PAUL MORPHY.

BOSTON, Sept. 27th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,

JAMES H. CLAPP,
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:

BOSTON, Sept. 28th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers.

GEORGE E. PORTER.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple, scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fail to be an accurately performing time-keeper. I would about as soon expect to see the sun make a baulk, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully,

NORMAN WIARD,
Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

BOSTON, August 20th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The "Waltham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Frodsham," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours,

ALBERT METCALF, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry street,
NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supersede all others.

JAMES FLOY, D.D.

BOSTON, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in stating that the American Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty seconds fast per month.

Capt. GORHAM H. BASSETT.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The watch I bought of you—one of your adjusted Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the hardest service in every way in point of locomotion.

Yours truly, C. C. SHEAFE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.;

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. [illegible], has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours, G. A. FULLER,
Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglass, of N. Y. & N. H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

NEWTONVILLE, Aug. 29th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,

WILLIAM B. SPEAR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch, No. [illegible], I have carried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—as have those worn by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of excellent time-keepers.

Yours truly, H. L. STUART.

De Bow's *Review*, in speaking of the American Watches, says: "These watches are equal to any other manufactured in this country or in Europe. The fact is established by the accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is considered almost unparalleled, equalling the best marine chronometers. More than 17,000 American Watches are now in use, and the manufacturers allege that they have heard not more than half-a-dozen complaints, arising chiefly from accidental derangement or misusage of the works."

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GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 188 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

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Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

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ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

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This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

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SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

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Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000.

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,

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EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 19 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.
New York, July 1st, 1859.

THE NEW FEATURE IN FIRE INSURANCE.

SECURITY INCREASED! COST REDUCED!!

The Market Fire Insurance Company,
Is now giving to Parties insuring with it, in addition to the Security of its Cash Capital of

$200,000.

and LARGE SURPLUS, a participation to the extent of

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

in the net profits of its business, which is set apart as a SCRIP FUND, and held by the Company for the Increased Security of its Policy Holders and Protection of its Capital; and when the accumulations of said Fund shall exceed the sum of

$500,000.

the excess will be applied to redeem the Scrip in the order of its issue. These advantages of

ADDITIONAL SECURITY AND REDUCED COST,

must command for the Company a large portion of the business of all discriminating parties, and make it at the same time, directly to the interests of persons having Policies therein, to induce others also to insure in it, to the mutual benefit of all.

Office, No. 37 Wall street, New York.

BENJ. H. HOWELL, President.
ASHER TAYLOR, Vice-President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

☞ The Policies of this Company fully protect Mortgagee's Interests.

JULY, 1859.
The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	33⅓
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since	1853:
38 " " "	1848.
38½ " " "	1843:

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	336,763 00—$1,395,622 12	

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

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Agent and Attorney for the Company.

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